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1890

BIRTHDAY
AND
OTHER POEMS,
BY
M. E. B.

Elma
from Nora on her Birthday
Sept. 22nd 1923

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

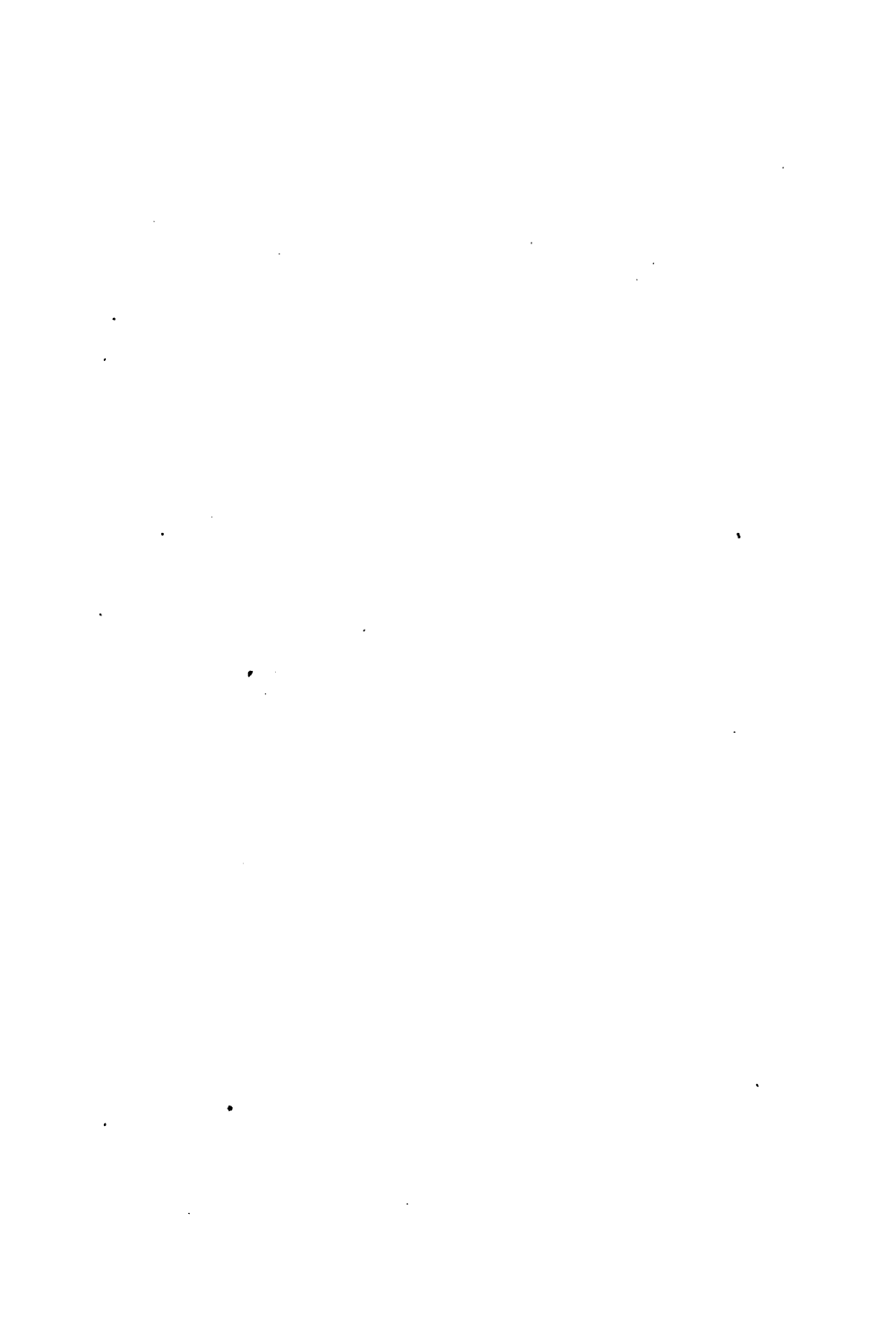
— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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BIRTHDAY
AND
OTHER POEMS,
BY
M. E. B.

ASHFORD :
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1890.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Arthur, on his Birthday	5
Fond Remembrance	5
Summer	6
My Agnes	8
On the Death of Cousin Henry	8
The Emigrant	9
To Charlotte, on her Birthday... ..	10
Going to School—Winter	11
Going to School—Summer	12
Lines to Lucy	12
My Cousin	13
To Sarah, on her Birthday	14
The Little Chimney Ornament	15
Heliotrope	15
To Edith, on her Birthday	16
Unexpected Pleasure	17
To Isaac, on his Birthday	17
On the Death of Little Lucy	19
To a Friend	20
“All are going Home”	21
A Walk through the Wood	22
Childish Charades	24
The Pet Lamb	25
“God is love”	30
Childhood	31
The Mother, to her Baby	32
On the Death of W. F.	34
On hearing the “Waits” at Christmastime... ..	34
Thoughts of my Childhood	36
Returning to the Home of his Childhood	37
The Robin	39
The Only Darling now is Gone	40
To Alfred, on his 21st Birthday	41
Night Succeeded by Day	43
To Little Maud	43
The Captain's Son	44
On the Death of the Captain's Son	55

	PAGE
Forget-me-not	57
Lines for a Valentine	58
Another	58
Another	59
Those Peerless Eyes	59
To Little Jane, on her Birthday	60
The Forsaken One	61
The Torn Window Blind	62
My Fondest Musings are of Thee	65
"Blessed are They that Mourn"	67
Lines to a Clergyman	69
Lines to Christabel	70
To a Love-sick Youth	74
The Youth's Reply	75
Birthday Lines	76
"Look to Jesus"	76
Will he Leave Me—Mildred's Lament	78
Elsie—Midsummer Holidays	79
After a Parting	85
Don't Cry, Baby	87
Lines	88
The Lock of Hair	88
Lines	89
"He Comes Not"	90
His Mother	91
The Saviour Heeds the Little Ones	92
Lines for a Birthday	94
Myra, to her Inconstant Lover	95
Christmas	96
The Sailor's Wife, to her Baby Boy	98
Birthday Lines	100
Easter Monday	100
The Devoted Constance to a Dear Friend	102
In the Strength of the Lord	104
God Hears and Answers Prayer	105
Primroses	109
It was only a Dream	110
The "Labourers' Union Treat"	111
Hay-Making	113
Morning Praise	118
The Only Son	120
Primroses Again—1888	121
The Little Shoes	123
The Children's New Game of Numbers	124
She Sleeps	126
The Parting Honour	128

To Alfred, on the Eleventh Anniversary of his Birthday.

Now beameth the morn of your birth,
My Brother, I greet it with joy,
And would wish that your journey on earth
Might be free from all sorrow, dear boy.
I wish you a happy New Year,
And also the blessing of health ;
(By what I have read it appears
We should not wish abundance of wealth).
And all that is pleasing and good—
All that may to your happiness tend—
I hope may be yours through this life ;
And far greater joys at the end.
I beg the enclosed you will take,
And may it acceptable prove,
Not for the small value's sake,
But because of the giver's true love.
Remember time's passing away,
So improve the short hours as they fly ;
Grow in goodness and grace every day.
“ Good-bye,” dearest Alfred, “ Good-bye.”

Fond Remembrance.

Oftentimes my thoughts will stray
To my parents, far away ;
Then in fancy I can see
Those I love so tenderly.

When I in green meadows roam
 They remind me of "sweet home"—
 Brothers fond, and sisters dear—
 O how lovely they appear.

When I gaze upon the sky
 Where the sun has mounted high,
 I'm glad his beams can reach as far
 As where my very dear friends are.

When the sun has gone away,
 When evening calm succeeds the day—
 When the moon, so clear and bright,
 Cheers us with her gentler light ;

Then, when stars I love to see
 Peep forth, and seem to smile on me,
 'Tis joy to think those lights above
 As brightly shine on all I love.

Summer.

O Father, condescend to hear
 And to accept my humble praise,
 For all these beauties which appear
 Spread o'er the earth, in summer days.
 All nature looks so bright and fair—
 All in the richest colours dress'd—
 And soft and balmy is the air,
 With perfume laden, from the west.
 The sky of lovely, peaceful blue,
 Where not a cloud is to be seen,
 How sweet a contrast with the hue
 Of yon tall trees' delightful green.
 But often thick, white, fleecy clouds
 Mantling around the blue will be,
 And how I love to watch those clouds,
 That seem to rise up from the sea.

Ah, yes, to stand and gaze upon
 Those rolling forms of snowy white,
 It makes the inmost spirit long
 To take its upward, heavenly flight.

The sun shines bright to warm the earth,
 The flowers spring up and bloom around ;
 All good things owe to Thee their birth,
 Great God, and to Thy praise resound.

And what a pleasing sound is heard
 From yon small lark now on the wing ;
 'Twas Thou, kind Father, made the bird,
 And taught it how to sweetly sing.

How good to make the meadows green,
 Where little children love to play,
 How many happy groups are seen
 Plucking the yellow flowers so gay.

I see the pleasant hill and vale,
 From this bright spot on which I stand,
 I feel the very gentle gale,
 Which blows refreshing o'er the land.

There is a secret joy that beams
 Within, while viewing scenes like this—
 So bright and fair, on earth—that seems
 A type of purer, heavenly bliss.

O, gracious Father, may my heart
 Be filled with love and grateful praise,
 While I survey this beauteous part
 Of Thy great work, in six short days.

O pour on me Thy heavenly grace,
 Make me to understand Thy ways,
 Help me to truly seek Thy face,
 And in my life show forth Thy praise.



My Agnes.

I've thought of her, that darling girl,
Often most fondly, since the day
When I saw her in the orchard sit,
Pensive, when all the rest were gay.
Her sweet, pale face I now can see,
As she sat beneath the apple tree.

Our game was "Cricket," on that day,
To play, dear Agnes would be glad,
But one must take the slate, and keep
Account of all the "runs" we had.
"I will," she said, "my seat shall be
Beneath the shady apple tree."

And long we played, and still she sat—
Unselfish, kind, and lovely child,
Her long, dark lashes drooping o'er
Her eyes so bright, so soft and mild,
Which glanced so smilingly at me,
As she sat beneath the shady tree.

And when the game was nearly done,
And some were tired and gone away,
Then that dear girl she sweetly said—
"I'll play, if they don't wish to play";
So springing up she came to me,
Leaving her seat beneath the tree.

I loved her very dearly then;
But thinking makes me love her more,
And now the passion seems more strong
Than it has ever been before.
O! she will ne'er forgotten be,
As she sat beneath that orchard tree.

On the Death of Cousin Henry.

Beloved Henry, would that I
Were as fit as you to die,
In childish innocence, and free
From all the sins that encompass me.

I have not seen you, still I grieve
 That you so soon your friends should leave;
 That you're thus early called away,
 In childhood's bright and happy day.

Dear boy, you loved mamma now weeps
 Because her bright browed Henry sleeps;
 But fond mamma now dry your eyes,
 He's gone to live beyond the skies.

Your darling boy is now at rest,
 His happy spirit's with the blest;
 Angels, with God's permission given,
 Bear his gentle soul to heaven.

Then weep no more that he is gone—
 Sweet boy 'tis to a happier home—
 'Tis to a bright and peaceful shore,
 Where you may meet to part no more.

The Emigrant.

And is it true thou art going away?
 Oh change thy mind, and with us stay;
 O seek not the Australian plain,
 Perhaps to ne'er come back again;
 Thy loved friends never more to see,
 Who will not cease to think of thee,
 When thou art on the main.

Then venture not on the stormy sea,
 Where the wild waves dash most furiously;
 Cross not the foaming billows o'er,
 Leave not old England's fertile shore,
 But be content with us to stay,
 And do not, do not go away—
 As I have said before.

Say, what can tempt thee from our Isle;
 Where those thou lov'st around thee smile;
 Why would'st thou leave thy native land?
 Ah, wherefore wave thy parting hand—

Nor joy, nor peace the wanderer knows,
 And very few return of those
 Who join the emigrants' band.

Thou say'st 'tis for thy good—then go,
 And much I hope it may be so ;
 And altho' dangers thou goest through,
 Thy friends will faithful prove, and true.
 And may that Power with potent hand,
 Safely guide thee back to land.
 Now adieu, once more, adieu.

When the wind blows roughly o'er the sea,
 Then, then our thoughts will be with thee,
 And though thou'rt gone far from our gaze,
 In memory thou wilt dwell always.
 And our sincerest wish shall be,
 That thou may'st yet return to see
 Brighter times, and happier days.

To Charlotte—on her Birthday.

It is with pleasure I sit down
 To write a line or two to thee,
 To express my hearty wish that thou
 May'st many happy birthdays see.

May each new year fresh gladness bring,
 And heavenly blessings on thee smile ;
 And time, which flies with silken wing,
 Cast peaceful beams around the while.

Fair virtue, which I know is prized
 By one so kind and mild as thou,
 Will lead thee in the perfect way,
 And shed its lustre on thy brow.

Some months have passed since we have been
 Parted by many miles of land,
 Yet all the while I have not seen
 A letter, written by thy hand.

Why does not darling sister write
 A few short lines, to pleasure give
 To one who'd greet them with delight,
 And not in cruel silence live.
 But if my blue-eyed May-day queen
 Has not the time or chance to write,
 Forgive, forgive the passing thought
 That I'm forgotten by thee, quite.
 The little trifle here enclosed,
 I beg thee dear to kindly take ;
 And trust, altho' the gift is small,
 Thou wilt not scorn it, for my sake.
 Again I say may happiness
 Be thine, wherever thou may'st dwell ;
 And now conclude imperfect verse,
 By wishing thee a fond farewell.

To Arthur going to School—Winter.

Arthur must leave his sweet repose,
 To journey forth again ;
 For 'tis to school this dear boy goes
 Through wintry wind and rain.
 Poor boy, his is a weary walk,
 The air is damp and cold,
 His umbrella almost torn
 By rough winds from his hold.
 The sleet comes driving in his face,
 As thus he speeds along ;
 But see, he's reached the school at last,
 And joined the busy throng.
 His lessons all correctly said,
 He wins his tutor's smile,
 And soon we think he'll gain a prize
 To pay him for his toil.

GOING TO SCHOOL—SUMMER.

Dear Arthur good-bye, a pleasant walk for you
 On a summer morning early,
 When the flowers and the grass are wet with dew,
 That hangs in little drops so pearly.
 The sun is shining bright, and the birds so sweetly sing,
 As you walk to the school every morning ;
 And always are in time, e'er the bell begins to ring,
 " Dull sleep and your downy bed scorning."
 Both the Latin and the French are quite difficult I know,
 But my brother conquers each of them with gladness ;
 And how nice it is to think that a clever boy he'll grow,
 For he knows to be a dunce would give us sadness.
 Once more I say " good-bye," I will think of you the
 while
 You are busily engaged knowledge earning,
 And when at evening you return, friends will greet you
 with a smile,
 To welcome you from study and from learning.

Sines to Lucy.

I love you, dearest Lucy,
 E'en more than words can tell ;
 I love your bright and happy face,
 Dear girl, surpassing well.
 I love your soft and smiling eyes,
 Of such ethereal blue ;
 I love you, dearest little girl,
 Most faithfully and true.
 I love the pretty, golden curls
 That hang in easy grace
 About your tiny little neck
 And rosy baby face.

I love the soft and winning smile
Which plays upon that face,
I also love the pearly tears
That sometimes take its place.

I love to hear your infant voice,
It sounds so very sweet,
When any little word we say
You're trying to repeat.

I love your darling little feet—
They are so very small—
It seems almost impossible
That you should stand at all.

But now you can stand by a chair,
And very soon will run ;
At least, I hope so, dear, and then
O will it not be fun,

When with your little sister you
Can skip about and play ;
And also in the garden walk
And gather flowers so gay.

My Cousin.

My cousin has the bright blue eyes,
The marble polished brow,
Cheeks softly tinged with palest pink,
Quite beautiful, I vow.

Methinks she is a wayward child,
At times by passion led,
To things that come not from the heart,
But only from the head.

A child of impulse, quick and gay,
Oft teasing more than kind,
And yet so playful, it would seem
Impossible to mind.

She can be gentle, patient, good,
Most pleasing, if she tries ;

And will do anything you ask,
 Love beaming in her eyes.
 Lively, warm, and sensitive,
 Ardent, and sincere,
 And also most affectionate,
 With judgment, sound and clear.
 This is her childish character,
 If I can truly trace ;
And these the childish lineaments
 Of her expressive face.
 But days are passing fast away
 That bring to riper years,
 And then I trust she will repay
 Kind parents' cares and fears.
 For should the grace of heart and mind,
 Which time unfolds with speed,
 Match the exterior, she will be
 Most beautiful indeed.

To Sarah Jane, on her Birthday.

Dear girl, I now take up the pen to address thee,
 To greet thine arrival at lovely nineteen ;
 I pray that the bountiful heaven may bless thee,
 And sunshine smile on thee, nor clouds intervene.
 May many bright hours in love's season be for thee,
 With no disappointment or care to alloy ;
 And the one of thy choice, who will ever adore thee,
 Add much to thy happiness, comfort, and joy.
 When summer returns, with its warm cheering sun-
 light,
 'Twill be pleasant to have thee again with us here ;
 O, I shall be happy to write thee an invite,
 Which will be accepted, I trust, by thee, dear.
 Oft I think of the time when we ne'er had been
 parted,
 And fear that in play I have given thee pain ;

But, indeed, I'd be better, and more gentle hearted,
 Could the bright days of childhood pass over again.
 And now we are severed, and I cannot give thee
 A fond sister's kiss on thy loved birthday morn ;
 But in truth I do wish thee, sincerely, believe me,
 A path strewn with roses, and free from a thorn.

My Little Chimney Ornament.

Prized little relic of a much loved one,
 Long since departed to the realms of light,
 Whose form, now sleeping in the cold dark tomb,
 Shall wake again to join the spirit bright.
 Prized little treasure, when I look on thee
 I think of grandmamma, so good and kind,
 Her favourite child methinks I used to be,
 And when she died she thou to me resigned.
 Prized little "china teapot," thou hast been
 Possessed by three before, with names like mine ;
 Another, such as thou, is rarely seen,
 As on the parlour mantel thou dost shine.
 Prized little treasure, keepsake, thou shalt be
 Lovingly thought of for the giver's sake,
 And when no longer I can look on thee,
 Another "Mary" shall my treasure take.

Selfiotrope.

Say not I ne'er have shed
 One sorrowing tear for thee,
 My little plant ; and dead
 Thou still art dear to me ;
 And things I prize I'd freely give
 If thou, my pretty flower, might live.

But no, it cannot be,
 My little pet, it dies,
 My grief it does not see,
 It heedeth not my sighs ;
 And vain and foolish is the tear
 Shed for thee, my plant so dear.
 I potted thee with care,
 And fondly watched thee strive ;
 But frail as well as fair,
 Thou didst not long survive.
 Indeed a hardier plant would be
 Killed, by such wanton tyranny.
 Oh ! 'twas a cruel hand
 That tore thy leaves away ;
 And from that hour thy stem
 Has faded, day by day ;
 Till all thy lovely green has fled,
 And left thee withered, brown, and dead !
 Emblem of earthly joys,
 Like thee they fade away,
 Then let us look above
 Where nothing can decay ;
 Where joy and happiness may be
 Our portion for eternity.

To Edith, on her Birthday.

'Tis your birthday, and your first, dear girl,
 I wish you health and joy ;
 And may you many birthdays see,
 And spend them all most happily.
 Twelve months ago to-day, dear girl,
 You were a very little thing ;
 And now you are but just one year,
 And that is all, my Edie dear.
 I beg you will accept, dear girl,
 This very little book ;

And hope it may suffice to prove
 A trifling tribute of my love.
 And now I must conclude, dear girl,
 And bid you fond farewell ;
 And every kindest wish renew :
 Dearest Edith, now adieu.

Unexpected Pleasure.

O, is it not charming, O, is it not sweet ;
 If the loved one we dream of we happen to meet,
 As we walk through the fields, on a bright summer
 day,
 When all nature looks blooming, and smiling, and gay.
 O, is it not charming, O, is it not sweet ;
 If the loved one we dream of we happen to meet,
 As we walk through the town, when our shopping is
 done,
 Yes, then 'tis delightful to meet the lov'd one.
 But is it not charming, and is it not sweet,
 If, quite unexpected the loved one we meet,
 As we pensively walk in fair evening's calm hour,
 Or watch the bright sunset from some peaceful bower.
 Yes, then 'tis most charming, O, then 'tis *most* sweet,
 If the heart's dearly loved one we happen to meet ;
 We linger, and list to the nightingale's tune ;
 And feel all the bliss of an evening in June.

To Isaac, on his Birthday.

Dear brother, pleasant summer time
 Brings your birthday round once more,
 And reminds me, darling boy,
 Of the sunny hours of yore,

When we all together played
 In the flowery meadows gay,
 And had the best toys out, you know,
 In honour of your loved birthday.

How merrily we passed the time,
 How rapidly the moments fled ;
 And then the treat of cake and wine,
 We used to have when going to bed.

I hope you now will spend the day
 Happily as those gone by,
 And may no sorrow cast a shade,
 To dim your softly smiling eye.

Accept my fondest wishes for
 Your future welfare, darling boy,
 And much I hope you still will prove
 To be our dear, kind parents' joy.

O ! it would give me much delight,
 If I could now peep in and see,
 E'en but a moment, unobserved,
 Your faces, all so dear to me.

I long to see papa, mamma,
 The darling little ones, and you,
 Dear brother Henry—grown so tall—
 And sweetest sister Agnes, too.

Please kiss those much loved ones for me,
 Yes, give them kisses not a few ;
 And now I wish that I could be
 Able to give a lot to you.

“ But we are parted, and 'tis useless ”
 “ Wishing things that cannot be ; ”
 “ Now I can only think of you, love,”
 “ And I trust you'll think of me.”

Good-bye, my dear, my darling brother,
 A fond good-bye, until we meet,
 And O the bliss of that loved hour,
 Indeed will be to me most sweet.

On the Death of Cousin Lucy.

Dear little one, thou too art gone,
 Gone to thy happy, heavenly home,
 Where every tear is wiped away,
 And cares and sorrows never come.
 We little thought, whilst thou wast here,
 So young, so healthful, and so bright,
 Thou would'st so quickly leave thy sports,
 And hasten to the realms of light.
 But thou art happy now, dear girl,
 So we'll not wish thee back again
 To this poor world, where every joy
 Is short, and often mixed with pain.
 But oft we fondly think of thee,
 And what thou hast said and done while here,
 And then the unbidden tears will flow,
 A tribute to thy memory, dear.
 I weep for thee, dear girl, and think
 Perhaps thy gentle spirit's near;
 Dost thou e'er leave thy blest abode,
 To come and heed the mourner's tear?
 The Saviour loved this darling child,
 And early marked her for His own;
 He took her from a sinful world
 To sing "new songs" before His throne.
 It was the blessed Sabbath here—
 That holy day of praise and prayer—
 When heavenly hosts they welcomed her
 To bright eternal Sabbath there.
 So sweetly peaceful were her looks,
 When called away by angels bright,
 She scarcely breathed a parting sigh,
 So tranquilly her soul took flight.
 It used to be her joy to hear
 Hymns of the dear Redeemer's love;
 And how He fondly guards His lambs.
 From His high dwelling-place above.

Now she can see His glorious face,
 And tell the beauties of His smile,
 And on His gentle bosom rest ;
 But we must journey on the while.
 Then wherefore longer mourn for her ?
 "She is not lost, but gone before" ;
 Rather we should rejoice that she
 Shall pain and sickness feel no more.
 And when our own short life is done,
 May we as gently pass away,
 To wake upon that blissful shore,
 And dwell in never-ending day.

To a Friend.

Oh, do not doubt my love for you,
 My gentle, faithful friend ;
 I feel it is too deep and true
 To know an early end.
 'Tis based upon a high esteem
 For all your virtues fair—
 Your meekness, gentleness, and truth,
 And other graces rare.
 Indeed, I do not lightly prize
 Your ardent love for me ;
 How could I look in those soft eyes
 And so ungrateful be.
 My darling girl, breathe not a sigh
 That you have but a part
 Of all the faithful love that glows
 In my unchanging heart.
 Forgive me, that my truant thoughts
 So very often stray,
 Leaving the dear one by my side
 For one who is away.
 I trust you'll chide me not for this,
 You are too kind and true,

Besides, you know my sentiments,
 And share them with me too.
 And when I'm dull and seem perverse,
 Oh deem it not unkind ;
 Forgive me all the hopes and fears
 That will pervade my mind.
 I wish, my dear, I could repay
 Your sympathising love,
 But may you have a rich reward
 From Him who dwells above.

“ All are going Home.”

Some are going to a bright and a beautiful home,
 Where fond brothers and sisters a welcome will sing
 Where a kind Father dwelleth, who biddeth them come,
 Being pleased with the tribute of love that they bring.
 And they never need wander away any more,
 But for ever may dwell in that happiest place ;
 All forgetting the ills they have suffered before,
 While beholding the light of that loved Father's face.
 But before they arrive at that haven of bliss,
 As they journey along through the world's rugged
 ways,
 Oft they grieve their kind Father by doing amiss,
 By neglecting to live to His glory and praise.
 Still they love Him, and tearfully strive to amend,
 And beseech Him to pardon their breaking His laws ;
 Which He does, for the sake of a merciful Friend,
 One who feels for their weakness and pleadeth their
 cause.
 So He pardons them, loves them, and bids them come
 home,
 From their toils and their troubles for ever to rest ;
 Never more like poor wanderers sadly to roam,
 But with peace and with happiness ever be blest.

If you ask me of whom I do joyfully sing ?
 And say "Where is the home unto which they have
 trod ?"
 I will tell, "They're the ransomed of Jesus their King,
 And their beautiful home is the Heaven of God."

A Walk through the Wood.

The sun was descending the heights of the west,
 Where the sky in rich colours of splendour was dres'd,
 As Henry Maltravers, the youthful and good,
 Was enjoying the calm of a walk through the wood.

His thoughts were upraised to things holy and high,
 For he loved Him who dwelleth above the blue sky,
 And he constantly tried, in his words and his ways,
 To live to His glory and show forth His praise.

Now he heard a slight noise through the tall trees close
 by,

And then a deep sob and a heartbroken sigh ;
 Then these words, scarcely audible, fell on his ear—
 "Oh, I never shall find them ; I'm all alone here !"

He advanced, and he saw a most beautiful child,
 Her hair hung in ringlets luxuriant and wild ;
 The long, flaxen tresses were borne by the breeze,
 As it played through the boughs of the tall, shady trees.

Her cheeks were most fair, and her large, tearful eyes
 Were as soft and as blue as the sweet summer skies ;
 Her slight childish figure was graceful and tall,
 And her hands, full of flowers, were dimpled and small.

She looked up, half frightened, as Henry stood by,
 She had thought there was no one to hear her sad cry ;
 But soon her face brightened with pleasure, to find
 There was someone beside her who looked good and
 kind.

"Why, what is the matter, my darling," said he,
 "You look as unhappy as mortal can be ;

Have you lost your dear parents? Which way have they gone?

"And why have they left you to stay here alone?"

"Oh! Sir," she replied, in a sorrowful air,

"I ran just to gather a few wild flowers there,
And they must have thought I had gone on the way,
Or they would not have left me, I'm sure I may say."

"But 'twas *you* who left *them*, then, my dear little child,
You should not have done so in this lonely wild,
But kept close to their side, and then all would be well,
And no such misfortune as this have befel."

The bright tint of roses spread o'er her pale cheek,
And her beautiful eyes were so tearful and meek,
As she looked up and said, with a sigh deep and long,
"O yes, Sir, indeed I now feel it was wrong."

He pressed her soft hand, and then tenderly said,
"Let it teach you this lesson, my dear little maid,
You'll be safe from all harm, and sweet peace will be given,
If through life you keep close to your Father in heaven."

"But if you forget Him, and wander away
For the pleasures of life, which look pleasing and gay,
You may find they're deceitful, and sigh long in vain,
Before you can find your dear Father again."

"Now tell me your name, little darling, and where
Your parents are living, and I'll take you there."

"Lillian Maud is my name," she replied with a smile,
"And the place where we're living is called 'Sunny Isle.'"

He then led her on in the way to her home,
And soon met her parents, who said they were come
Back to look for their darling, with hearts very sad,
But now she was found they were thankful and glad.

They were pleased with the youth, who such kindness
had shown
To the poor little girl he had found all alone;

And they pressed his hand warmly, and begged he
would come

Whenever he could to the "Sunny Isle" home.

He replied, with a smile on his bright, noble brow,
He should be most happy to do so, but now
When the next morning came he should have to return
As a student to College to study and learn.

So together they walked from the green forest's end,
When he asked for a kiss from his dear little friend ;
And then bade them adieu in the sweet, shady lane,
Much hoping some day he might see them again.

Ghilbish Gharades.

1ST.

My first is charming to the sight,
More soft and sweet, than gay and bright,
'Tis seen in beauty's smiling eye,
'Tis also in the summer sky.

My second tells a joyous tale
When sounding gaily through the vale ;
It also tells a tale of woe,
When tears of heartfelt sorrow flow.

My whole is but a simple flower.
That blooms in nature's rudest bower,
And though 'tis of a lovely dye,
'Tis often passed unheeded by.

2ND.

My first some people like to take
To mix in puddings or in cake.
My second is so very small,
Yet numbers do great good to all ;
My whole is welcomed e'er the spring,
And is a fair and pretty thing.

3RD.

My first refreshes all around,
 Then sinks forgotten in the ground.
 My second was much used of old,
 By hunters, and by warriors bold ;
 My whole is amber, pink, and green,
 And is not very often seen.

4TH.

My first can sing a charming song,
 To cheer us as we walk along.
 My second makes a horse go faster,
 To please a kind or cruel master.
 My whole is very often found
 Springing from the fruitful ground.

The Pet Lamb.

Most children love the little lamb,
 And will be pleased to hear
 The story of my own sweet lamb,
 A little pet so dear.

So listen darling children now
 To what I tell to you,
 Most likely it will cause a tear,
 For 'tis both sad and true.

One day, when I was but a child,
 I scarcely know how old—
 A little lamb, who'd lost its dam,
 Was brought me from the fold.

Its gentle mother, who would feed
 And cherish it so kind,
 Was dead and gone, and left her lamb
 In solitude behind.

And so this helpless little one
 Was given to my care,
 And who can tell how proudly pleased
 My childish feelings were.

Beneath the trees beside the house
 There was a nice large shed,
 And there of hay, so clean and warm,
 I made its little bed.
 And there it used to play and sleep
 When days were cold and wet ;
 And very often I would pay
 A visit to my pet.
 How pleased I was to feed it with
 Nice milk so warm and new ;
 And round its little neck I tied
 A piece of ribbon blue.
 And when the days were fine and warm
 And brightly shone the sun,
 I took it in the garden, there
 To let it play and run.
 It grew so fond of me, and looked
 So snowy white and clean—
 I thought it was the sweetest lamb
 That I had ever seen.
 But oh ! how can I tell the rest ?—
 'Twill grieve you so to hear—
 One cold, wet morn, the shepherd came
 And took my lamb so dear.
 He said " Within the fold there was
 A sheep whose lamb was dead,
 And fearing she might pine for it
 He'd give her mine instead."
 In vain I begged, with many tears,
 My little pet to keep,
 The shepherd cared not for my grief,
 But only for his sheep.
 They told me it would grow and thrive
 And be far happier there.
 I said I knew it would but die,
 Without its nurse's care.
 Then round its snowy back he tied
 A skin, all soiled and wet ;

That the sheep might think it was her own,
 My poor, my ill-used pet.

How heartfelt was my sorrow when
 He took my lamb away,
 From sheltering house, and nice warm bed,
 On such a rainy day.

I thought I saw it look around
 With trembling and surprise ;
 For all the other sheep and lambs
 Were strangers to its eyes.

And how it missed the nice warm milk
 I used to bring with care ;
 It knew not where to find the food
 Which was provided there.

Then 'neath the pelting rain it lay,
 All shivering, cold, and wet ;
 How cruel was the man who caused
 Such suffering for my pet.
 And when the next day morning came,
 And kindly shone the sun,
 His beams fell on a little one,
 Whose life was nearly done.

That innocent, sweet, gentle lamb,
 Was by the shepherd found,
 Suffering with hunger, cold, and wet,
 Stretched out upon the ground.

Oh ! sure his heart reproached him then,
 He must have wished that he
 Had yielded to my earnest tears,
 And left the lamb with me.

And then he brought it back again,
 So very nearly dead,
 It was so weak, it had not power
 To lift its little head.

It was so soiled, it looked so changed,
 From what it used to be ;
 Oh ! how my tears of sorrow flowed,
 My dying pet to see.

I laid it in the sun's warm light,
 With hope its beams might give
 Some cheering warmth to that cold form,
 And make it once more live.

I brought some nice warm milk, to try
 If I could make it take
 A little, just to do it good,
 If only for my sake.

But all my love and care was vain,
 Its little life soon fled,
 I had to feel the bitter truth,
 My darling pet was dead.

What words can tell my anguish then,
 Or speak my heart's deep grief ;
 And though the tears fell thick and fast,
 They failed to give relief.

They told me I was foolish, and
 I could not sorrow more
 If I had lost a sister dear,
 I'd loved so long before.

But bitter was my childish grief—
 I could not cease to cry—
 And much I blamed the cruel man
 Who caused my lamb to die.

I was, indeed, a foolish child,
 I did not understand,
 That troubles are in mercy sent
 By our kind Father's hand.

I had not learned the wondrous love
 Of Him who orders all,
 Without whose notice, not a bird
 Unto the ground can fall.

And e'en the hairs upon our head
 Are numbered in His sight,
 He condescends to smallest things,
 Tho' Lord of Power and Might.

If I had been a better child
 I should have looked on high ;
 Submissive to a Father's will,
 Who let my dear lamb die.

But still its fate would surely grieve
 E'en one of olden years ;
 And now I scarce can tell the tale
 Without the falling tears.

In after years I had a lamb,
 With gentle looks and ways
 A precious child—a dearer lamb
 Than that of former days.

When she was given to my care
 I thought my joy complete,
 To watch with love, and gently tend
 A little lamb so sweet.

I loved her very dearly, and
 She learned to love me too,
 Her face was fair, with flaxen hair
 And eyes of heavenly blue.

This little lamb was also taken,
 But not like that of old ;
 The good, the tender Shepherd came,
 And took her to His fold.

He gathered her within His arms,
 And there she lay to rest ;
 Secure from danger and alarms,
 Upon His loving breast.

And though my grief was great, to see
 That darling form so fair,
 Lay cold, and marble white, without
 The living Spirit there.

My sorrow had this healing balm,
 To know her soul was gone
 To live with gentle Jesus, where
 All sorrow is unknown.

But oft sad tears would flow to see
 The vacant crib and chair ;
 The dolls and toys untouched, and all
 The clothes she used to wear.
 And how I missed her loving ways—
 Sweet looks, and heavenly brow—
 Those smiling eyes, that silvery voice,
 O how I miss them now.
 And fond affection will look back
 To that sweet time of yore,
 When lovingly I nursed that lamb
 Whom I may see no more.
 No more on earth—but O in heaven
 I hope to meet again
 My precious one, and know no more
 The bitter parting pain.

“ God is Love.”

O gracious Father, God of Love,
 Now draw my heart to Thee above,
 Now make me look to things unseen,
 And wash me, Lord, and make me clean.
 In gentle Jesus' precious blood,
 That sacred purifying flood—
 Poured from His side that solemn day,
 To wash our crimson guilt away.
 Whatever cross is in my lot,
 Make me to bear, and murmur not,
 Because in love so rich and free
 My Saviour bore the Cross for me.
 Make me obey Thy gracious call
 Long suffering Father—Lord of all,
 To hear Thy voice—from sin depart,
 To-day, and harden not my heart.

To turn to Thee, and love Thee more
 Than I have ever done before,
 O, with Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
 Fit me to see Thy glorious face.

I'll fear no harm if Thou art near,
 My pathway through this life to cheer,
 No thoughts of danger, no alarm,
 For Thou wilt keep me safe from harm.

Thy precious love my heart inspires,
 Thy love is all my soul desires,
 How sad, how wretched, we should be,
 Did we not hope and trust in Thee.

And as I journey on my way,
 Through life's rough road, from day to day,
 Make me to ever look above,
 Rejoicing in Thy endless love.

Childhood.

Bright, happy days of childhood,
 Joyous, and loving, and gay ;
 Bright happy days of childhood,
 Passing too quickly away.

Then every little pleasure,
 Is felt by the warm young heart—
 No cares of earthly treasure,
 Cause its **sunshine to depart.**

No boding thoughts of to-morrow,
 Cloud the brightness of to-day ;
 And dewdrops of childish sorrow,
 Are speedily chased away.

So trusting, and so truthful,
 So generous, so sincere,
 No fear of harm or danger,
 With loving and loved ones near.

And affection, so confiding,
 Fills childhood's gentle breast ;
 No jealous thoughts abiding,
 Disturb its tranquil rest.

Like a little cherub, sleeping
 From eve till break of day ;
 With silvery moonbeams keeping
 Their watch where the darling lay.

And the fresh and lovely morning
 Makes fresh and glad the heart ;
 And roses the fair cheek adorning,
 Are those health and joy impart.

Bright, happy days of childhood,
 Radiant with sunshine ever ;
 Bright, happy days of childhood,
 Once gone, returning never.

The Mother to her Baby.

How long, my darling, O how long
 May thy bright smile impart
 Its precious beam of joy, to cheer
 Thy loving mother's heart ?

How long may thy sweet presence here
 Shed joyous light around ?
 How long those little, fairy feet
 Tread lightly o'er the ground ?

How long, my love, may thy sweet voice
 Delight my listening ear ?
 To me it has the silvery tone
 Of music, soft and clear.

How long, my darling, O how long
 May I thy loved form see ?
 In that sweet, heavenly face I read
 A higher home for thee.

Yes, in the depths of those blue eyes,
 I see a ray so bright,
 Which seems to tell thou'rt passing on
 To realms of purer light.

Now when I think thereon, I weep,
 So heavy is my heart,
 Fearing, perhaps, ere very long
 We may be called to part.

And O how doubly dear I prize
 Those ruby lips' warm press ;
 The loving looks from those sweet eyes,
 The dimpled arms' caress.

And then I press thee to my heart,
 And wish thou mightest stay ;
 Feeling how lonely I shall be,
 If thou art called away.

And then I try to upward look,
 And, in submissive tone,
 Say, "Gracious Lord, 'Thy will be done,
 This lamb is all Thine own."

For in His mercy and His love,
 He sent thee, baby dear,
 To stay with us a little while,
 Our earthly path to cheer.

I know, if thou art called away,
 Thou wilt far happier be ;
 And I must humbly strife, and pray
 That I may follow thee

To realms of purest, sweetest joy,
 Where dwells the Eternal King,
 And angels all their time employ
 His glorious praise to sing.

There thou wilt be a spirit bright,
 And join the angelic throng,
 And thou wilt with them ever sing
 The high, the holy song.

O ! if this happy lot's for thee,
 My precious baby dear ;
 How wrong and selfish is the wish
 That I might keep thee here.

To Lottie on the Death of W.F.

Weep not, my gentle sister,
 For one who's passed away ;
 But trust he's left this world of care
 For realms of glorious day.

Oh, fondly hope that he is gone
 To see his Saviour's face ;
 And be forever happy there
 In that celestial place.

Weep not, my gentle sister,
 You yet may meet again
 In fairer lands, to feel no more
 The greivous parting pain.

Look upward, gentle sister,
 A loving friend is there,
 Who pities every sorrow,
 And He will soothe thy care.

On Hearing the "Waits" at Christmas-time.

Music in the silent hour
 Gently calls us from our sleep ;
 Softly, as at a distance, first,
 Then high and clear the sweet notes burst,
 Melodiously, with thrilling power
 Waking emotions pure and deep.

Music in the silent hour
 Makes my soul aspire to heaven,
 Where a higher, nobler strain
 Ever plays before the Lamb,
 Glory, honour, might, and power,
 Unto Thee be always given.

Music in the solemn night
 Brings to mind the Saviour's birth,
 When shepherds saw the shining throng,
 And heard them sing the heavenly song—
 "Glory to God in the highest height,"
 "And peace, good-will to men on earth."

Thoughts of my Childhood.

O well I remember the days of my childhood,
 What bright happy thoughts my young bosom then
 knew,
 What beautiful dreams of the future came o'er me,
 Which I fancied in time would be sure to prove true.
 I thought I should some day be learned and clever,
 And have an abundance of silver and gold ;
 And I meant to be generous, and be giving ever
 Good things to poor people, the young and the old.
 And oft would I visit their dwellings so lowly,
 And cheer them with words, and with actions of love ;
 And read to them out of the Volume so Holy,
 Which tells of a home bright and happy above.
 And I thought I could have, which would be so
 delightful,
 A beautiful horse that was docile and fleet,
 On which I might ride with my brothers and sisters
 Enjoying the beauties of nature so sweet.

And with them oft visit the high born and wealthy,
 On terms of equality, social and free,
 And be fondly loved by some handsome young suitor,
 Which the height of my highest ambition would be.

Those dreams of my childhood, so vain, yet so pleasing,
 Have faded away as the time hurried on ;
 And all the bright pictures my fancy had painted,
 Like beautiful colours at sunrise have flown.

For the mid-day of life, so unlike its fair morning,
 When all seemed to promise prosperity's smile,
 By the cloud of adversity sadly is shaded,
 With no fairy visions to please and beguile.

Yet a short time ago a bright beautiful sunbeam
 Shed over my pathway its sweet, cheering light ;
 And renewed all the hopes and the dreams of my
 childhood ;
 But oh ! it has faded away from my sight.

But why did I love it ? why prize it so dearly ?
 It beamed on my pathway—but heeded me not—
 Then thoughtlessly left me almost broken-hearted,
 To weep its departure, and sigh o'er my lot.

How little I thought in the days of my childhood,
 This humble employment would one day be mine—
 Hopes faded away, like sweet stars of the morning ;
 Having all my ambition to meekly resign.

But still one great blessing in mercy is sent me,
 My own dearly loved ones are loving and true ;
 And great is the sweetness of kindred affection,
 Tho' no gallant suitor has sought me to woo.

And there is enjoyment that wealth cannot purchase,
 And I will endeavour to make it my own :
 Peace of mind, a good conscience in doing one's duty,
 With patience and love till the conflict is done.

Returning to the Home of his Childhood.

O, fondly I gaze on the moss-covered mountain,
Where oft in my boyhood I sportively ran,
And I sigh o'er remembrance of innocent childhood,
When unknown were the pride and the folly of man.

My thoughts wander back to the home 'neath the fir
trees,

Where life's happy morning in sunshine was passed ;
And the sweet resolution awakens within me,
Emotions and feelings that ever will last.

'Twas there I remember a good noble father,
Who kindly amused and instructed his boy ;
And corrected him too with the much dreaded birch
rod,

When wilful misconduct did vex and annoy.

There I knelt by the side of my dearly loved mother,
And breathed my first prayer which her own lips
had taught,

And there she caressed me, and lovingly blessed me,
When I said it in meekness and love as I ought.

There she told me of Him, who so high and so holy
Came down from His glory to dwell upon earth,
With humility taking our nature upon Him,
And laid in a manger of hay at His birth.

And she told me the *cause* of such great condescension,
The great wondrous *love* of the Saviour who came ;
'Twas to save us from sin, and from death everlasting,
He stooped to the Cross—bore the sorrow and shame.

She taught my young heart to look up and adore Him,
And thank Him, and praise Him, for all He has done ;
Then kneeling she prayed that the Father of mercies,
Would bless what she said to her dear little son.

Her prayers have been answered, her gentle instruction,
 Which fell as "good seed" in the young tender heart,
 Now springs up anew, tho' awhile it lay dormant;
 And O may the influence never depart.

O mother, dear mother, your memory is blessed,
 Most tenderly loved, tho' long years have passed by
 Since they told me your form would not wake from its
 sleeping,
 Your soul being taken to glories on high.

Since then a long time and afar I have wandered,
 And my heart soon grew hard in the battle of life;
 But now I'm returning, dear mother, and leaving
 The scenes of my former ambition and strife,

May the rest of my life be all spent in the service
 Of that dear Redeemer who died in our stead;
 Who, altho' great and glorious, most high and Almighty,
 Like a meek gentle "Lamb to the slaughter was led."

'Twas for our sakes He bore all the sorrow and suffering,
 Giving up for a time all the glories above,
 Oh, how cold are our hearts! O, how hard and un-
 grateful,

That they melt not before Him, amazed at His love.

O fairer, and nobler, and happier the nation,
 When Christian religion in brightness doth shine;
 And how much might be done if the mothers of
 England,
 Were all like that sweet gentle mother of mine.



The Robin.

Pretty robin on the tree,
 Sing a song to Maud and me ;
 Pretty robin on the bough,
 Sing a song to please us now.
 Robin, robin on the spray,
 Sing before you fly away ;
 Ah ! you've flown upon the fence,
 Sing a song e'er we go hence.
 Pretty robin on the gate,
 Sing a song the while we wait.
 Robin, robin on the stile,
 Sing to us a little while.
 Pretty robin, tell me why
 You're so silent, and so shy :
 We've no gun to cause you fright,
 We are kind and harmless quite.—
 We've no stick to hurt you, dear,
 Even tho' you came quite near.
 We'll not shout, or make a noise,
 We are little *girls*, not *boys*.
 We will give you crumbs of bread
 When the leaves are brown and dead.
 We will give you shelter too,
 If you think our house would do.
 We should like to have you there,
 Hopping, perching everywhere—
 On the table on the chairs ;
 On the mantle, up the stairs.
 Ah ! you'd fear the pussy cat,
 I had quite forgotten that ;
 Cats are fierce to birds like you,
 So perhaps it would not do ;
 You are safer in the wood,
 But we'd have you if we could.
 Bread and cake to you we'll bring,
 If you now will only sing.

See ! he turns his pretty head,
 Plumes his breast, so bright and red
 A merry twinkle in his eye,
 I do believe he's going to try.
 Thank you, thank you, pretty bird,
 Your song's the sweetest we have heard ;
 To-morrow, if it does not rain,
 We'll come and list to you again.

The only Darling now is gone.

The joy of her life is gone—
 The light of the widow's dwelling—
 The silence that reigns around,
 The tale of grief is telling.
 Once in that peaceful home
 A lovely child was playing,
 Engaged with books or toys,
 Or in the sunshine straying.
 Now she is there no more—
 In death that form is sleeping—
 So fair and bright before,
 And sadly her mother's weeping.
 Oh who can cheer her now ?
 Who now can soothe her sorrow ?
 Who bid a ray of hope
 Gleam o'er the lonely morrow.
 O there is one great Friend,
 Who, tho' so high and holy,
 With kind compassion views
 The mourner, weeping lowly.
 He will, with tender care,
 Her weight of sorrow lighten ;
 Heal up her broken heart,
 And cause sweet hope to brighten—

Hope of a future life,
 Where she may meet her treasure,
 Dwell with her ever more
 In bliss that knows no measure.

For such a lovely flower
 A higher soil was wanted,
 And so 'twas taken to be
 In the heavenly land transplanted.

There it will never die—
 There droop or languish never—
 But always fresh and fair,
 In beauty bloom for ever.

The little gentle lamb
 That here so shortly tarried,
 Is gathered in Jesus' arms,
 And in His bosom carried.

O she is happy now,
 On that dear breast reclining—
 A crown on her angel brow—
 Her robes all white and shining.

Nothing can harm her now ;
 Grief cast a shadow never ;
 Mother—your darling child
 Shines as a star for ever.

To Alfred, on his Twenty-first Birthday.

My much-loved brother, on this happy day,
 I write a line or two, to fondly say
 How heartfelt are my wishes that you may
 Have choicest blessings strewn upon your way.
 May each succeeding year that passes by
 A larger share of happiness supply ;
 Sent by the hand of Him who dwells on high
 Beyond the limits of the azure sky.

May all those darling ones that now surround
 You with fond looks, and loving voices sound,
 Be spared to you ; fresh hope and joy be found,
 And all in silken cords of love be bound.

O think of that dear parent who has gone
 To see the glorious King upon His throne ;
 And imitate the virtues fair which shone
 Through all his life, so let them gild thine own.

And cherish that dear parent while you may,
 Who mourns for him so lately called away ;
 And wishes he had been allowed to stay
 To bless his son on this his natal day.

Perhaps he is permitted to look down
 From that bright home, to which we trust he's gone,
 And bless you, in a higher, holier tone
 Than tongue of mortal ever yet hath known.

Doubt not that you a rich reward will find
 For all your generous actions, good and kind ;
 The blossoms of a pure and noble mind,
 Where lively grace and virtue are combined.

We all unite in ardent love sincere,
 And we are proud to call your " Brother " dear,
 And often shed affection's gentle tear,
 Wishing that you, and all we love, were near.

I wish I could a richer present make,
 But trust this little trifle you will take
 With pleasure, for the loving giver's sake,
 And may it often thoughts of her awake.

Now, dearest Alfred, I must say adieu,
 With every kind and fondest wish for you ;
 And may our heavenly Father, good and true
 Direct and bless you, all your journey through.

When life is drawing to its evening fast
 The thoughts of time well spent will sunshine cast
 O'er all the tender memories of the past ;
 And bright will be the heavenly crown at last.

Night Succeeded by Day.

Far, far away the daylight is streaming,
 When we are left in dark, dreary night ;
 Far, far away the lovely sun is beaming,
 Far from the reach of our longing sight.

Yet soon the night, however dark and cheerless,
 Is chased by the dawn of the sweet smiling day,
 Then beams the sun, all radiant and peerless,
 Driving the darkness far, far away.

Far, far away sweetest joy and gladness
 Waits for the souls that now mourn and weep ;
 Faded away shall then be their sadness,
 Gone like a dream, when no longer we sleep.

Patiently wait, O wait a little longer,
 Soon shall your night of sorrow be o'er ;
 Let faith, hope, and love grow brighter and stronger
 As you watch for the sun that sets never more.

To Little Maud.

I'm longing to see thee, my heart's precious darling,
 I'm longing to look on thy loved face once more ;
 To receive the sweet kisses, the dear arms' caresses,
 That welcomed so warmly thy Mary before.

Kind and true little heart, to still beat with affection,
 For one, who though loving, no longer is near ;
 Like the soft, soothing light of a star, pure and lovely,
 The thought of my sweet one my spirit doth cheer.

I welcome the west wind, and fancy its breezes
 Are laden with fragrance, my darling, from thee,
 That it bears on its wings thy sweet breath as it passes,
 And echoes thy voice, which is music to me.

O would that soft zephyrs might waft to thee, darling,
 Fond messages, thousands of kisses of love ;
 Might whisper how truly I pray for thy welfare
 To Jesus, the kind and good Shepherd above.

The Captain's Son.

Some time ago a merchantman
 Sailed o'er the ocean blue ;
 To the Indies far she sped her way,
 With all her gallant crew.

The ship was called " Rebecca," and
 She proudly rode the wave,
 And all the sailors dearly loved
 Their captain, kind and brave.

But 'tis not of the captain now
 That I intend to write ;
 Or of the noble trading ship,
 With all its valued freight.

But of a darling little boy,
 The Captain's only child—
 He was his parents' pride and joy,
 So loving, good, and mild.

His mother's only comfort when
 Her husband was away,
 Bringing the wealth of other lands
 Across the foaming spray.

The solace of her long lone hours,
 Which would have been so drear
 Without his playful, winning ways,
 And childish love to cheer.

A gentle boy, with sweet blue eyes,
 And silky flaxen hair,
 And thought with bright intelligence
 Lit up his brow so fair.

The portrait of that lovely face,
 On which I often gaze,
 Recalls the tales he used to tell
 Of those his boyish days.

One little tale I must relate—
 It took my fancy so—
 And many children would be glad
 To hear it too, I know.

No brother fond to share his games,
 No sister dear had he,
 And so a faithful little dog
 Would oft his playmate be.

Then in the garden, large and fine,
 Together they would play,
 Unwearied through the long bright hours
 Of summer's sunny day.

A pretty little cart he had,
 With harness all complete :
 And "Pincher" had to draw about
 This vehicle so neat.

He was a darling little dog,
 So gentle, good, and true ;
 He loved his little master much,
 And would obey him too.

One day the dog was harnessed,
 And the cart attached behind,
 When Isaac thought of something else
 He must just run to find.

It might have been his whip, perhaps,
 Or little spade and hoe,
 His bat and ball, or pocket knife,
 I really do not know.

"Stand still, Pincher ; don't move," he said,
 "Till I come back again" ;
 Then bounded off, like nimble deer,
 Across the verdant plain.

And then his youthful mother, who
 Was fond of fun and play,
 Did roguishly come out and try
 To make him disobey.

For from an open window, she
 Had witnessed all the scene,
 As fondly gazing on her boy,
 She, unobserved, had been.

A plate of tempting meat she brought,
 And to the dog did call,
 "Come Pincher, Pincher, come to me,
 And you shall have it all."

He wagged his tail and looked so pleased,
 As if he wished to say
 "I should enjoy it very much,
 But must not disobey."

Yet still she stood and held the plate,
 And called, and called again,
 Displaying dainties to his eyes,
 But it was all in vain.

So firm, immovable, he stood,
 Altho' so sorely tried ;
 He thought upon his master's words,
 His appetite denied.

It was not fear that did compel
 Good Pincher not to move ;
 O no ! it was the great, sweet power,
 The gentle rule of love.

Then came the little master back,
 And he was glad to see
 His little dog still standing there,
 As quiet as could be.

And then his mother told him how
 She tried to make him move,
 And tempted him, because she wished
 His faithfulness to prove.

Then warmly Pincher was caressed,
 And many a pat he had,
 He seemed to understand it all,
 And looked so proud and glad.

And then he had a good reward,
 Which I am pleased to tell,
 The nice large plate of meat was given
 And he enjoyed it well.

Dear children, let it teach you to
 Obey your parents kind,
 And everything they say to you
 Be sure you always mind.

Ought you to less obedient be,
 Less tractable and mild,
 Than little Pincher who was led,
 And governed by a child ?

And we who are in riper years,
 May from this little tale
 Learn something that might do us good,
 When harder lessons fail.

Our gracious Master who has gone
 To dwell in heaven above,
 Rules over us with gentle power,
 His great and boundless love

Before He left us, did he not
 Commands and precepts give,
 To guide us in the heavenly way—
 To teach us how to live ?

But O temptations often come
 To draw our feet astray,
 Do we forget our Master's words,
 And yield, and disobey ?

Less grateful than a dog, who did
 In love, and self-denial,
 Think of his master's words, and stand
 Unmoved throughout the trial.

Our Master will return again,
 A great and glorious Lord,
 To good and faithful ones will give
 A high and rich reward.

But fearing I may give offence,
 By thus digressing long,
 I now return to him who is
 The hero of my song.

Time passed in love, and all the sports
 That little ones soon learn,
 And brightened up at intervals
 By father's loved return.

Then schooldays came, and he was sent
 To London far away,
 Schools were not then so plentiful
 As at the present day.

And there he gained a goodly store
 Of knowledge sound and true,
 Combined with foreign languages,
 And graceful dancing too.

Bright, beautiful and happy boy,
 How fair thy sky appears.
 Ah, then he little knew or dreamed
 The trials of after years.

'Tis true he found it hard to leave
 His loving mother dear ;
 And neither of them could repress,
 E'en many a parting tear.

But then he liked to learn, that he
 Might win his parents' praise,
 And gladly hail the sweet return
 Of joyous holidays.

So passed the time, until at length
 Back to his native shore,
 The captain did return again,
 And hasten home once more.

Fancy must paint the picture then—
 The blissful meeting scene,
 Fond kisses, smiles, and tears of joy,
 Were plentiful, I ween.

How sweet to see the much-loved one
 To hear his voice again,
 To know that he was safe from all
 The perils of the main.

And how delighted he must be,
 To find those two so dear,
 Still spared to welcome his return,
 And with their love to cheer.

I trust each heart gave thanks to Him,
 From whom all mercies come,
 Whose hand had once more brought him back,
 In safety to his home.

Oft did he tell his son fine things,
 About the ocean blue,
 And foreign lands which made him long,
 To be a sailor too.

To travel o'er the trackless main,
 And view those sunny climes,
 Of which he'd read before, and wished
 To see, so many times.

"A sailor I must be mamma,
 Let me with father go,
 We shall come back again, and then
 You'll be so proud, I know."

"And I will tell you all I've seen
 As father does ; and bring
 You from those distant foreign lands,
 So many a curious thing."

Ah, darling boy, your fancy paints
 A sailor's life all fair ;
 You see the sunny side, but not
 The dangers and the care."

"How could I spare my precious son ?
 My sweet and only child,
 To be exposed to frightful storms
 Upon the billows wild ?"

Then said his father, "You must stay,
 'Tis better so to be,
 For many cares and storms, my boy,
 Will meet us on the sea."

To join with his rich, sweet-toned voice,
 Was always such a great delight ;
 And mother dear, with soft sweet notes,
 In sacred concert did unite.

Thought loves to fondly linger there,
 On such a fair and happy scene ;
 Would that each hour through life might be
 As sweetly peaceful and serene.

• But time was passing, fraught with change,
 Ah, what is there that changes not
 On earth ? Where perfect peace and joy
 Is never meant to be our lot.

Lest we should love this life too well,
 And think not of the life to come,
 Lest cleaving to our dwelling here
 We should not seek a heavenly home.

Tho' cradled in the arms of wealth,
 Misfortunes came, and made him poor,
 Yet no complaining voice was heard,
 So patiently he did endure.

The loss of fortune and of friends—
 Those fickle friends of sunshine's hour,
 Who seem so true, but prove to be
 So false, when clouds of sorrow lower.

Yet many nobler friends he had,
 Who still to him were kind and true,
 Who loved him still, for well, indeed,
 His faultless character they knew.

He murmured not at that wise Hand,
 From whence he knew his trials came ;
 The Great Redeemer once was poor,
 " And bore the cross—despised the shame."

He knew a Father, rich in love,
 Allowed his wealth to pass away,
 And to His holy will he bowed ;
 And often he would sweetly say

To her he loved, who still was near,
 To cheer him in his weal or woe ;
 " We'll thank the Lord for what we have,
 'Tis from His hand our blessings flow."
 " We still have health, and strength, and hope,
 He all our daily wants supplies—
 Our loving children whom we love,
 Are left to still delight our eyes."
 " We are but ' birds of passage ' here—
 We journey oft from place to place ;
 The land of rest is up above,
 Before the Father's glorious face."
 How manfully he struggled on ;
 How bravely bore each cross and trial ;
 His every act upright and kind,
 As when prosperity did smile.
 Sometimes he stood and looked upon
 The lands which once were all his own ;
 The thought would wander back once more
 To brighter days for ever flown.
 I've seen him stand with pensive gaze
 So placid, so resigned, and yet
 At times a silent tear would steal ;
 'Twas of remembrance, not regret.
 Ah, no ! The eye of faith was raised
 To fairer lands beyond the skies ;
 To mansions bright which have not been
 Beheld by any mortal's eyes.
 I trow the blessed hope was his
 That he might, through the Saviour's love,
 When fleeting life on earth was o'er,
 Dwell in that happy home above.
 And as the years still sped away,
 And age came drawing on so fast ;
 How bravely, patiently he tried
 To do his duty to the last.

When warmly beamed upon his head
 His seventy-second summer's sun,
 It was the last he was to see—
 His course on earth was nearly run.

He stayed to see the harvest time—
 Ripe corn spread richly o'er the plain
 He saw the last load gathered in—
 A goodly store of golden grain.

He stayed to see the earlier leaves
 Fall silently from off the trees,
 With solemn warning, carried by
 The first cool breath of autumn breeze.

While looking back on all the past,
 How like a dream it must have seemed ;
 And he just waking, as the light
 Of bright and glorious morning beamed.

Then could he plainly see the love
 Of Him who sent the chastening rod ;
 Each trial and trouble shining forth
 As steps that brought him nearer God.

Before the chilling winter came
 His ransomed soul was borne away,
 From all the cares of mortal life,
 To realms of everlasting day.

Some time before he breathed his last
 " Good-bye, I'm going home," he said,
 And O, so gently ceased to breathe,
 While loved ones wept around his bed.

Yes, much-loved Father to Thy home,
 Thy happy home, in peace depart ;
 Tho' we shall sadly miss thee here,
 And bear our loss with aching heart.

While standing by the lifeless form
 Of that dear parent, good and kind,
 These sacred words of holy writ
 Would force themselves upon my mind.

' Be thou faithful unto death,
 And I a crown of life will give " ;
 " I will receive you to Myself,
 That where I am there ye shall live."
 O kind Redeemer, gracious Friend,
 To Thee all praise and honour be ;
 Through Thy redeeming love alone
 We may the glorious City see.
 To enter in those " pearly gates,"
 Shall be our daily hope and prayer,
 That we may sing Thy praise for aye,
 And meet our much-loved parent there.

On the Death of the Captain's Son.

The last kind word is spoken,
 The last good deed is done,
 The pilgrimage is ended,
 The race on earth is run.
 No longer those who knew him
 Behold his shining light,
 Which beamed with gentle lustre,
 So peaceful and so bright.
 He who so nobly bore up
 'Gainst losses, toil, and care,
 Who bravely fought life's battle,
 And never would despair,
 Because he firmly trusted
 In one Almighty Friend ;
 Resigned to bear with patience
 The trials His love might send.
 His course he now has finished,
 " A good fight he has fought " ;
 The faith he has kept truly,
 As every Christian ought.

And now a conquering warrior
 He lays him down to rest ;
 Leaving the scene of conflict
 For mansions of the blest.

O surely there is for him
 A crown of brightest ray,
 And glory, peace, and honour,
 That fadeth not away.

But shall we no more see him ?
 No more his loved voice hear ?
 Which ever spoke in kindness,
 To guide, to bless, or cheer.

No more his fond affection
 Rejoice our grateful heart ;
 No longer his dear presence
 Sweet influence impart ?

I've been with those who knew him
 In by-gone youthful days ;
 And I was proud to hear them
 So warmly speak his praise.

He still will be remembered
 By good things he has done,
 Through a life so well completed,
 Which was so well begun.

And we may hope to meet him
 Upon that blissful shore,
 Where, robed in angel brightness,
 He liveth evermore.

* * * * *

Come, brother, come, the angels say,
 Now leave your tenement of clay ;
 A place there is prepared above,
 Prepared for you—through Jesus' love.
 'Tis ready now, the time has come
 For you to see your heavenly home ;
 A mansion in a glorious land,
 With all the happy seraph band.

Your work is done, 'your warfare oer ;
 Now you can suffer ills no more ;
 Your trials, the stormy path you trod,
 Have led you to your gracious God.

O what a bright and joyous day—
 Now all your tears are wiped away ;
 Strike loud your golden harp, and sing
 Sweet praise to the Eternal King.

Forget me Not.

'Tis pleasant, when the sun is high
 And beaming from a cloudless sky,
 To sit beneath some shady tree,
 Indulging in a reverie.
 One bright and lovely summer day,
 While musing on a tombstone grey,
 Loved footsteps trod that hallowed spot,
 And then I sighed " Forget me not."

But unto me she did appear
 A being of some purer sphere ;
 Descended from the realms above
 To fill my soul with joy and love.
 Yet scarcely could I hope to be
 Enshrined within her memory—
 Poor, foolish boy of lowly lot,
 How vain to sigh " Forget me not."

But O what joy—what glad surprise—
 To see those dear, those gentle eyes
 Glance on me with a kindly beam,
 Which left me in a blissful dream.
 I loved her fondly, tenderly,
 And breathed a silent prayer that she
 Might love me too, and let me not
 Unheeded sigh " Forget-me-not."

In fancy I can see her now,
 Her sweet, pale face and heavenly brow
 As, like a vision pure and bright,
 She passed from my enraptured sight.
 I love that peaceful place of rest
 Because 'twas by her presence blest ;
 But dearer far would be the spot
 If she too sighed " Forget-me-not."

Lines for a Valentine.

The blooming rose so fresh and fair
 Sheds sweetest perfume on the air ;
 But O 'tis not so sweet to me
 As loving language breathed by thee.

The diamond is a gem so bright,
 It sparkles with a dazzling light ;
 But all its worth I would not prize
 Like loving glances from thine eyes.

We try by words to faintly tell
 What feelings in our hearts do dwell,
 But none can speak the joy of mine
 In calling *thee* my " Valentine."

ANOTHER.

O scorn me not, nor angry be,
 That I presume to send to thee
 Unworthy trifles, such as these,
 I'm fearful that they may displease ;
 But lenitude of birth divine
 Illumes each lineament of thine,
 So thou'lt forgive this fault of mine,
 My first and only Valentine.

ANOTHER.

Sunshine the fairest,
 Light on thy pathway ;
 Joys that are sweetest,
 Ever be thine.
 Still, in thy gladness,
 Think of her fondly,
 Who now doth greet thee,
 Dear Valentine.

Those Peerless Eyes.

Oh 'twas to me a blissful hour,
 For hope within my heart grew bright,
 When first, with rapture, I beheld
 Those dear and peerless orbs of light.
 Softly bright and beautiful,
 Beloved eyes,
 Unmatched by ought on earth, ye are
 Of radiant dyes.

Sweet, kindly, beaming, pensive eyes—
 The secret soul to them hath given
 Beauty too pure and fair for earth,
 Their gaze must be on things of heaven.
 Mildly holiness and truth
 Shine through those eyes,
 And tell that great intrinsic worth
 Deep hidden lies.

More precious far than gold or gem,
 Are tender looks from eyes we love ;
 Their silent language hath a power
 Which must the heart's affection move.
 Gently love, of hallowed flame,
 Beams in those eyes—
 O love, sweet love, in truth there's naught
 Its place supplies.

Both lively faith, and hope so pure
 Are great, and must their places fill
 Within our hearts—but charity,
 Or love—we know is greater still.
 Dearest light that ever shines
 In mortals eyes—
 When all else fails, “It faileth not,”
 It never dies

I stood upon the portal stone—
 My thoughts were with my peerless one—
 The loved form came, the eyes were raised
 A moment—then ’twas past and gone.
 Fondly prized, that upward glance,
 Of those kind eyes—
 They seemed to speak the words to me
 The lip denies.

O, surely I shall ne’er forget
 Those sweet, soft, radiant orbs of light ;
 One look, one passing glance, can make
 Life’s darkest, saddest moments bright.
 Truly soul illumed ye are,
 Beloved eyes—
 Ye speak sweet language of the heart,
 That matchless prize.

To Little Jane, on her Birthday.

Indeed, I very well remember
 The time when you, dear girl, were born ;
 The fourth of foggy dull November,
 Six years ago this very morn.
 ’Twas Sunday then, ’tis Sunday now,
 And autumn’s leaves were strewn around,
 When first we kissed your infant brow,
 And in that kiss fond pleasure found.

The day deserves a joyful keeping,
 For 'twas to us a happy day,
 When first we heard that upstairs sleeping
 A darling little baby lay.

A very little baby then—
 Now a tall playful lassie grown—
 With eyes as softly bright as when
 E'en childish sorrow was unknown.

May all you, ways to virtue lean ;
 May health, and gladness be your own
 And still be blessed, as you have been
 In these six years so quickly flown.

My little sister, loved most dearly,
 A fond "good-bye " I now must say ;
 And from my heart I wish sincerely,
 That you may spend a happy day.

The Forsaken One.

Oh, how I wish that I could see
 The face of him so dear to me ;
 O how I wish that I could hear
 His voice so sweet, so soft, so clear.
 O how I wish that I could tell
 Where 'tis he condescends to dwell ;
 O how I wish that I might know
 Whichever way his footsteps go.
 O how I wish that he would come
 And say he'd take me to his home,
 Tho' 'twere across the ocean's foam,
 And never, never from me roam.
 O how I wish that I might be
 Seated beside him, glad and free,
 On some low seat, so peacefully
 Resting my head upon his knee ;

Listening to each sweet music tone,
 Telling me things I had not known ;
 Kissing the hand that held my own,
 Knowing that it was mine alone.

Feeling his warm breath on my brow,
 Breathing again the solemn vow,
 Telling how true he'd be, and how
 Fondly he'd love me through life as now.

O how I wish it might be so—
 The thought e'en makes my cheek to glow—
 And makes my heart with rapture beat,
 And long for bliss so pure and sweet.

O if such joy were e'er for me
 How true and faithful I would be ;
 And every word and act should prove
 How great, how sweet " The power of love."

The Torn Window Blind.

Mamma forbade the little ones
 To stand upon the window seat,
 Because it made the paint look soiled
 Instead of looking clean and neat.
 They liked to climb and stand up there
 Because the muslin blind was high ;
 And when they stood upon the floor
 They could not see things passing by.
 They might not disobey mamma,
 For that they knew was very wrong ;
 Yet sometimes in their little hearts
 They felt temptation's power was strong.
 One day the younger boy and girl
 Were left alone awhile to play ;
 And I am sorry to relate,
 They both were led to disobey.

And there they stood, and gazed about,
 Neglectful of mamma's command ;
 Till little Elsie, nine years old,
 Came running in, and saw them stand.

She was a more obedient child—
 For she was eldest of the three ;
 Though twelve months older than her brother,
 She was not quite as tall as he.

"O Kate and Charlie, dear," she said,
 "You may not stand up here you know ;
 Mamma would very angry be,
 For she has often told us so."

"Come, let me lift you down, my pet"—
 The youngest was the pet of all ;
 "Now put your arms around my neck,
 Hold tight, I will not let you fall."

She took her little sister down,
 Who always liked her gentle aid ;
 But in her hand the blind was caught,
 And lo ! a dreadful rent was made.

Poor Elsie turned, and saw the sight
 With heartfelt sorrow and surprise ;
 And as she stood perplexed and sad,
 The tears were filling fast her eyes.

What could she do ? What could she say ?
 Mamma so very vexed would be ;
 And more so, as that afternoon
 Two friends were coming in to tea.

Mamma was vexed, indeed, and thought
 Her child a naughty, careless one,
 For Elsie soon confessed her fault,
 But never said *how* it was done.

She told not how, because she loved
 Her Kate and Charlie, dear, so well,
 That she would rather bear the blame,
 Than of their disobedience tell.

But Jesus looked with tender gaze
 Upon the dear, unselfish child ;
 He always views with special love
 Those who are loving, kind, and mild.
 And tho' she meekly bore reproof,
 And stood disgraced in parents' eyes,
 She was the more esteemed by Him,
 Who knoweth all things just and wise.

* * * *

The birds were singing, glad and free,
 One warm and sunny eve in May,
 When from my home I wandered out,
 A visit to mamma to pay.
 Two years had passed since that sad day,
 When little Elsie tore the blind ;
 But she was still the same sweet child,
 Unselfish, loving, good, and kind.
 And as I reached the garden gate,
 Where many flowers were blooming sweet,
 I saw one little sunny face
 Look forth, with happy smile to greet.
 Her brother, Charlie, was not there,
 But very soon at home would be ;
 And little Kate had gone away
 To stay with auntie by the sea.
 I sat upon the sofa seat,
 With Elsie sitting by my side ;
 I held an orange in my hand,
 I'd taken with me to divide.
 " Give Charlie rather more than me,"
 She very softly whispered soon,
 " Please, Auntie dear, because Mamma
 Gave me a piece this afternoon."
 She loved the golden, juicy fruit,
 'Twas so refreshing, and so sweet,
 And she was such a hungry child,
 And glad of anything to eat.

And yet she asked a smaller share,
 That brother Charlie might have more ;
 Some little ones would not have told
 That they had had a piece before.

But Jesus saw, and He approved,
 And looked with pleasure on His child ;
 O may He always bless and keep
 Her safe from evil, undefiled.

She ever had been dear to me,
 I'd known her from her infant days,
 And loved her more because I knew
 'Her many sweet, unselfish ways.

Dear children, kind and loving be,
 That you may be beloved as well,
 And gain the gracious Saviour's smile,
 With little darling Elsiebel.

My fondest Musings are of Thee.

I think of thee, my peerless one,
 For thee my prayers arise,
 When silence reigns, and bids me hope
 Sweet sleep has closed thine eyes.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
 And mentally I see,
 The features of thy lovely face,
 Reposing tranquilly.

Thine eyelids gently closed, and hide
 Thine eye's soft lustre now,
 But still a smile of heavenly peace
 Rests on thy placid brow.

And from the brow the glossy hair
 Falls back in easy grace,
 Tho' disarranged, it well becomes,
 The interesting face.

I see thee, and 'tis sweet to gaze
 Upon so fair a scene—
 Bright angels watching round thy head
 Look lovingly, I ween.

For thou art His, and we believe
 Good angel spirits He
 "Sends forth to minister for those
 Who heirs of life shall be."

I would it were my happy lot
 By thee to vigil keep—
 To press thy brow with one long kiss
 Of love, so pure and deep.

I would it were my happy lot
 To ever wait on thee ;
 To tend upon thy lightest word
 My greatest bliss would be.

But to the kind protecting care
 Of our Almighty Friend
 I now commit my dearest one,
 Till this short life shall end.

I trust thee unto Him, who will
 Supply thy every need ;
 Who "No good thing withholds from those
 Who godly lives do lead."

May He provide some faithful one
 Who will a blessing prove :
 One who will not unworthy be
 Thy kind heart's matchless love.



"Blessed are they that Mourn."

Dear mourner, dry your tears,
 And lift the drooping head—
 "Blessed are they that mourn, for lo
 They shall be comforted."
 'Tis Christ the Lord who speaks
 These words of loving cheer—
 Look up then with the eyes of faith,
 And see Him standing near.
 "Blessed are they that mourn"—
 O precious words and true—
 "I will not leave you comfortless,
 But I will come to you."
 He comes His very self
 To comfort those who grieve ;
 If we will only look to Him,
 If only we believe.
 The sorrows of a child
 Are not too small for Him ;
 He sees the little aching heart
 When tears the young eyes dim.
 The stern, unjust reproof—
 The cold unloving tones—
 Some little ones too often bear,
 For which their spirit groans.
 Then little ones look up,
 Your Shepherd draweth near—
 He comes to comfort, save, and bless,
 And wipe away the tear.
 Despised, rejected ones,
 Ye are more like your King ;
 He was despised, rejected once,
 Now angels round Him sing.
 I watched a young, bright face
 Change quickly dull and sad,
 Because harsh, angry tones had chilled
 The spirit, just now glad.

But what a smile of light,
 O what a sweet, bright ray,
 Soon stole like sunshine o'er the face,
 And chased the clouds away.

As, by the garden gate,
 I paused to say farewell,
 And "Jesus loves and pities you,"
 Did softly whispering tell.

And thus the wondrous power
 Of Jesus' love and care
 Gave comfort to the little heart,
 And saved it from despair.

"He helpeth them to right,"
 Who meekly "suffer wrong";
 He turns their mourning into joy,
 Their sadness into song.

When playmates are perverse,
 And try to vex and tease,
 They mourn, but there is comfort near,
 Remember Jesus sees.

The kind and patient ones
 Are dearest in his sight;
 And they who suffer most while here,
 In heaven will shine more bright.

How bitter is the grief
 When dear ones prove unkind;
 When for our tender love and care
 We no return can find.

O cold ingratitude
 'Tis hard indeed to bear,
 It seems to crush the warm, young heart,
 And leave no gladness there.

But looking to the Lord
 Our griefs are all forgot,
 Because "He came unto His own,
 And they received Him not."

We mourn when loved ones die,
 And leave us here alone ;
 But One with great compassion sees,
 And heeds the heart's sad moan.
 He sends the blessed hope,
 Our love is not in vain ;
 The dear ones taken from our sight,
 We yet shall meet again.
 Meet in a happier clime,
 The bright and golden shore—
 Where all is perfect love and joy ;
 And partings never more.
 Christ will indeed to us
 These cherished hopes fulfil,
 If we but love Him first and best,
 And try to do His will.
 Then, O how full of truth,
 Those words our dear Lord said :
 " Blessed are they that mourn, for they
 They shall be comforted."

Lines to a Clergyman.

We thank thee for thy patient zeal,
 The heavenly treasures to impart ;
 Laconic lines can scarce reveal,
 Like truth, how much esteemed thou art.
 Instructing in the perfect way,
 And loving with the poor to pray ;
 So kindly guiding those who stray.
 And may we all who hear thy voice
 Yield gladly, while its sacred power
 Makes many weary ones rejoice
 And bless thee to their latest hour.
 Not mortal's praise, or worldly gain,
 Dost thou desire, for both are vain ;
 But heartfelt thanks thou'lt not disdain.

By words and works of holy love
 Engaged, untired in doing good—
 Great be thy recompense above,
 Obtained through Jesus' precious blood.
 Virtue and gentleness combine
 To enoble every act of thine,
 Dear teacher of the law divine.

Lines to Christabelle.

I love her more than words can tell,
 My darling, dearest Christabelle
 So sweet, so gentle, fond and true—
 With sunny hair, and eyes so blue.
 One eyelid hath a flaxen fringe,
 The eyebrow too, the same pale tinge ;
 The other fringe and eyebrow wear
 Tints darker than her golden hair.
 Her hands so dimpled, soft and small,
 Engaged in loving works for all ;
 Ne'er moved to harm in passion's mood,
 But ever gentle, ever good.
 I knew her in her infant days,
 And loved her baby words and ways—
 A little treasure sent from heaven—
 A precious gift to parents given.
 I fondly nursed her tiny form ;
 And when the days were fine and warm.
 It was my pleasure and my pride
 To take her in my arms to ride,
 To see the fields with flowers so gay,
 Where little lambkins frisk and play.
 And she was pleased, and loved to go ;
 And, if a cooler wind should blow,
 She always turned her face so sweet,
 So brave, the chilly breeze to meet.

At evening, by the firelight's glow,
 I took my darling to and fro
 Across the room, while shadows fall
 In forms fantastic on the wall.

And she would look with wondering eyes ;
 And when the moon illumed the skies,
 To see it shining high and bright
 Appeared to give her much delight.

She laughed to watch the dancing fly,
 To catch it she would often try ;
 Sweet baby hands, they tried in vain,
 To catch it on the window pane.

And often in the twilight dim
 I sang to her some favourite hymn,
 And she would listen, still and good,
 As tho' the words she understood.

Then, precious pet, would droop her head,
 Mamma would carry her to bed ;
 Her little bed, so soft and warm,
 All sheltered from the wind and storm.

The hymn I loved the most to sing,
 Was that about our Saviour King ;
 Who, tho' so high, does condescend
 To be to little ones a Friend.

The hymn that tells there is a home
 Where tears and troubles never come ;
 A "Home above the bright blue sky,
 For little children when they die."

And now my love has older grown,
 And sings sweet hymns in sweeter tone ;
 The "children's hymns" she loves the best,
 And chooses them before the rest.

And what a wise and lovely choice,
 For best they suit the childish voice ;
 And this dear girl, so good and mild,
 Sweet Christie, is but still a child.

Sweet Christie is but eight years old,
 A loving child by love controlled ;
 And may fond love and joy be shed
 Through life from Heaven on that fair head.

Yet she has one great sorrow had,
 Which still must partly make her sad ;
 He darling mother, kind and dear,
 Her mother is no longer here.

She sleeps where other dear ones sleep,
 Where trees and flowers their vigils keep,
 Where lingers long the summer sun,
 And bright stars watch when day is done.

Her much-loved form is sleeping there,
 Her soul has reached those regions fair ;
 The glorious paradise above
 Of never ending joy and love.

And those dear ones she leaves behind
 This sacred consolation find ;
 That they may meet in heaven again,
 And with her ever more remain.

Where gentle Jesus ever dwells ;
 And sweet angelic music swells,
 From golden harps by angels strung ;
 And sweet new songs are learnt and sung.

My Christabelle must ever be
 A good and gentle child, that she
 May some day join the happy band,
 And sing the songs of that bright land.

My Christie loves with love sincere
 Her father, ever kind and dear ;
 Her little brother brave and true,
 And darling little sister too.

And while she lives I trust will be
 A joy and comfort to those three ;
 To cheer them, lest they grieve too sore,
 For one " Not lost, but gone before."

Her grandmamma so good and kind,
 And aunties, too, will ever find
 Some solace from her loving ways
 To give them joy through weary days.

Those tiny fingers neatly 'sew,
 And works of wool and crochet do ;
 And O I prize so lovingly
 The nice warm cuffs she made for me.

The pretty glass cloth too I prize—
 'Tis beautiful in auntie's eyes—
 'Tis far too good for common wear,
 So auntie lays it by with care.

Fond thought looks back to days made dear,
 Because my little one was near ;
 When in my pleasant Croydon home
 To stay with me she'd sometimes come.

Then often on a summer eve
 Her toys and play my love would leave,
 And in the garden stay for hours
 To help me weed the beds of flowers.

Those darling little hands would take
 The watering-can, or hoe, or rake ;
 And work so hard, and help me so,
 Till tired and warm my pet would grow ;

Yet ne'er would own that she was tired,
 Nor leave her work till I desired,
 And said 'twas time to go to bed,
 And rest in sleep her golden head.

She said she " Did not wish to sleep,
 But might she get the broom and sweep."
 Then made the path so clean and neat,
 Where ran her little fairy feet.

And in the morning, fresh and gay,
 When breakfast things were cleared away,
 We used to search the strawberry bed,
 And gather strawberries ripe and red.

Then take them to the sofa seat,
 And there enjoy the fruit so sweet ;
 But those that grew too near the ground
 Were very often gritty found.

Then 'twas to her a pleasure dear,
 To dip them in some water clear,
 Then place them in the sun to dry,
 That we might eat them by-and-bye.

O she was such a precious pet,
 Her sweetness I can ne'er forget,
 And truly I do love her well,
 My darling, dearest Christabelle.

To a Love-sick Youth.

Poor, foolish boy ! love not so fondly,
 Bid those delusive day dreams flee ;
 For tho' of her thou'rt thinking hourly,
 Perhaps she never thinks of thee.
 Poor, foolish boy ! why wilt thou cherish,
 Hope with its bright entwining ray,
 When hope, alas, too soon may perish,
 Or like a rainbow fade away.
 If she but knew thy secret passion,
 She would but heed with pitying scorn ;
 For poor and lowly is thy station,
 Although thou art not lowly born.
 'Tis pride of birth that makes thee hopeful,
 O, foolish boy, be humble now ;
 Remember thou art poor in learning,
 While knowledge stamps thy fair one's brow.
 Think not to rise to her position,
 And stoop to thee, she never will ;
 It is not love, but high ambition,
 That chiefly does the bosom fill.
 Then cease to love so firm and fondly,
 Be wise, and let thy heart be free,
 And bid those vain though pleasing visions,
 Be banished from thy memory.

THE YOUTH'S REPLY.

O tell me not to crush for ever
My sweetest hope, my fondest love ;
While life remains my heart can never
Unfaithful or inconstant prove.

That I am poor, I feel it truly,
And what I know is little worth,
While her I love is fit and worthy
To rank with those of noble birth.

But do not say that she would scorn me,
No, she is far too good and kind ;
And tho', indeed, she might not love me,
Scorn in her breast no place could find.

And when thou sayest that high ambition
Far more than love the heart doth move,
'Tis of the wordly ones thou'rt speaking,
Who have not learned "The power of Love."

My peerless one—my heart's elected,
May not be classed with such as those ;
O no ! her every word and action
Both heavenly grace and love disclose.

It is not pride that makes me hopeful,
If 'twere I justly might be chid ;
I hope in Him who ruleth all things,
From whom no secret can be hid.

He knows, and if it is His pleasure
He can my greatest hopes fulfil ;
But if He should deny the treasure
My heart would bless and praise Him still.

Kind Father, give me, through the merit
Of Jesus Christ Thy precious Son,
A patient and submissive spirit,
And grace to say "Thy will be done."

Birthday Lines.

With the sweet flowers of spring dawns the dear natal
 day
 When with smiles and best wishes, friends meet
 thee ;
 Ah ! how sad I should feel did its light fade away,
 And I'd sent not one kind word to greet thee.
 Then when other fond hands press thine own with
 delight,
 And their eyes beam with gladness to cheer thee ;
 Wilt thou think of the friend who is far from thy
 sight,
 Yet whose thought, on this day, linger near thee ?

Look to Jesus.

“ He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His
 bosom.”

Little children look to Jesus,
 Lift to Him your feeble prayer ;
 He is looking kindly on you,
 He is with you everywhere.
 He is with you at your lessons,
 When you work and when you play—
 Marking if you try to please Him
 In your conduct day by day.
 If you're trying to be like Him—
 Kind and gentle, patient, good ;
 Bearing little troubles meekly
 As His little children should.
 Little feet are often tempted
 To some fair, forbidden way—
 Then, dear children, look to Jesus,
 You will grieve Him if you stray.

When you're called to do or suffer—
 Hard or painful tho' it be—
 Think you hear His sweet voice, saying,
 "Little child, do this for me."

Little ones can help their parents,
 Fetch them things and clear away ;
 They are pleasing God their Saviour
 When they cheerfully obey.

Little hands can wash the tea things,
 Set the meals, and dust, and sew ;
 Jesus watches, loves, and blesses,
 When these little things you do.

Little feet would rather wander
 To the garden fresh and gay,
 Where the flowers are blooming sweetly,
 Where the younger children play.

Children have their little crosses,
 Which they must with patience take ;
 Following Him who bore such sorrows
 Even for His children's sake.

Should the task be long and tiresome,
 Do it bravely, little one ;
 Look to Jesus, He will help you,
 Give you joy when it is done.

For He looks so kindly on you,
 When you're striving to be good ;
 Pities all your weak endeavours,
 Every thought is understood.

Once I saw a child so gentle,
 Meekly standing all alone,
 Bearing angry words and coldness,
 Tho' no fault had been her own.

Yet no fretful word she answered,
 Those dear lips breathed no reply ;
 I trow the little heart was lifted
 To the Lord above the sky.

And He looked with kind compassion,
 Marked the eyes grow sad and dim ;
 Sent her sweetest consolation,
 Who meekly bore her cross for Him.

Not alone the child is standing,
 Angel guards are waiting nigh,
 With their wings her form enfolding,
 Tho' unseen by mortal eye.

For the good and tender Shepherd,
 Ever "mindful of His own,"
 When they look to Him for comfort,
 Will not let them stand alone.

To support the little pilgrims,
 When their feeble cry is heard,
 Angels ever bright and glorious,
 Quickly fly at Jesus' word.

For He greatly loves the children—
 They are His especial care—
 And those little ones are dearest,
 Who their cross most meekly bear.

He will in His mercy take them,
 Press them to His loving breast,
 Bear them in His arms so tender,
 Where they may securely rest.

. "Will He Leave Me"—Mildred's Lament.

Will he leave me sad and lonely ;
 In despair to weep and sigh.
 Leave the one who loves him only,
 Let her pine for him and die.
 O 'twould change my grief to gladness,
 And dispel the clouds of sadness,
 Did his much loved voice reply.

No indeed, I will not leave thee,
 Years may pass, I still will stay,
 Much thou lov'st, I will not grieve thee ;
 Or chase thy youth's bright dreams away.
 Ah, alas those dreams are fading,
 Deepening gloom in silence shading
 Strives to quench sweet hopes faint ray.

But his voice, his form, his features
 Ever in my memory dwell ;
 Loved above all other teachers,
 Or the power of words to tell ;
 Now indeed sweet hope is dying,
 Even while I'm sadly sighing,
 Dearly loved one " Fare thee well."

Elsie—Midsummer Solidays.

Who is this so fair and sunny,
 Coming up the garden path ?
 Golden hair, and eyes so sparkling,
 Rosy cheeks, and smiles she hath.

This is little Elsie darling,
 Bringing butter, fresh and sweet ;
 O'er the fields she trippeth gaily
 With her little fairy feet.

Elsie feels so very happy
 When she hears her mother say
 " You may take this nice fresh butter
 To your grandmamma's to-day.

'Tis to her a treat so precious—
 One she very dearly loves—
 And grandmamma is pleased to see her,
 As her smile of welcome proves.

Cake or fruit she finds for Elsie—
 Hungry after such a walk—
 So she sits and rests while eating ;
 Then they have a pleasant talk.

Then these little sisters kneeling
 Meekly say their morning prayer ;
 Thanking God, their tender Shepherd,
 For His kindness and His care.

After breakfast, little Elsie
 Helps her mother clear away ;
 While the others, who are younger,
 Fetch their hats, and run to play.

Elsie likes to help her mother,
 Who is never very strong ;
 And her heart and conscience tell her
 Not to do so would be wrong.

Elsie washes cups and saucers,
 Forks and plates, and dishes too ;
 Puts them all away so neatly—
 Quite as well as I could do.

So the little hands are busy ;
 And the little heart is gay—
 When her tasks are all completed,
 Elsie, too, may run and play.

She is young, and fond of playing ;
 Tho' the days be warm or cold ;
 For this little girl so helpful
 Is not yet quite ten years old.

One bright morning little Elsie
 Had a naughty fit come on.
 Wished to run into the garden,
 E'er her usual tasks were done.

And because she was forbidden
 ('Tis so sad to tell the case)
 Little Elsie cried and pouted,
 Spoiling all her pretty face.

Little Elsie cried and fretted—
 So the bright hours slipped away—
 When her morning tasks were finished
 Elsie had no time to play.

Father soon came home to dinner,
 Little ones ran in so glad ;
 But the father's heart grew sorry
 When he saw his Elsie sad.

He was good, and wise, and tender,
 Loved to see his children gay,
 Knowing well how sunny childhood,
 All too quickly slips away.

So he gently called her to him,
 Told her of the Saviour's love ;
 How He watches all His children,
 From His glorious throne above.

How He loves to see them cheerful,
 Good, obedient, patient, mild ;
 How He worked and helped His parents
 When He was Himself a child.

How our hearts are prone to evil ;
 Satan likes to see us bad,
 Tries to make us cross and wretched,
 When we should be good and glad.

But the Lord will send His Spirit
 Unto every child who asks,
 Which will guide them, comfort, strengthen,
 Help them do their daily tasks.

And this little prayer he taught her,
 With her morning prayers to say :
 " Dear Lord Jesus, send Thy spirit,
 To direct me through the day."

Thus her father taught, while Elsie
 Meekly listened to his voice,
 Asked forgiveness for her folly,
 Then once more she could rejoice.

So she gained a sacred lesson,
 Which will through her life remain ;
 And her daily prayer is answered,
 For none ask the Lord in vain.

Day by day she grows more happy,
 More attentive, patient, mild ;
 And so lovingly the Saviour
 Looks upon His little child.

Tho' His form of grace and beauty
 To our eyes doth not appear,
 Yet to all His little children
 He is ever very near.

And when life on earth is finished,
 May sweet Jessie's spirit rise,
 To enjoy the bliss unending
 With the Lord above the skies ;

Where no tears or troubles ever
 Even for a moment come ;
 Where the young, and aged pilgrims
 Find alike their peaceful home ;

Where the gates are pearls so costly ;
 Where the streets are paved with gold ;
 Where no summer heat makes weary ;
 Where no winter chills with cold.

Where no wind or storm ariseth ;
 Where 'tis ever calm and bright ;
 Where they need no lamp or candle,
 For it never will be night.

Where the flowers are ever blooming—
 Fruits abundant, rich and rare ;
 But its greatest joy and glory
 Is that *Jesus Christ* is there.

There our eyes indeed shall see Him ;
 On His wond'rous beauty gaze—
 There with harps of golden splendour
 We shall sing Him songs of praise.



After a Parting.

And now I mourn, my dearly loved is gone,
 And I am left, tho' left with friends, alone ;
 Alone—without that bright and cheering ray
 Of light that once so sweetly cheered my way.

And all around seems dull and cheerless now,
 And clouds of sadness gather on my brow,
 As I perceive how hard it is to run
 The course of daily life without life's sun.

And yet she knew not she was such a light—
 She knew not that she made my pathway bright ;
 Nor how her gentle glance could thrill my heart,
 And such a sweet ecstatic joy impart.

She knew not how I proudly loved her brow—
 Noble and heavenly, purely white—nor how
 To me so perfect, matchless was her face ;
 And every smallest action full of grace.

She knew not what emotion thrilled my frame
 Whene'er I heard the mention of her name ;
 Her name—the darling name I love so well—
 It is the sweetest name the tongue can tell.

She knew not how I loved to hear her voice ;
 Its lightest tones would cause me to rejoice ;
 And every word was precious, trebly dear,
 And fell like sacred music on my ear.

And now that I am left to sigh forlorn,
 I'm glad she knew it not, for she might scorn
 The lowly one who could presume to love
 A girl who in a higher sphere must move.

And it is better that she should not know
 How oft for her the tears of sorrow flow ;
 How oft the fond, the ardent wish will rise
 That her loved form might still delight my eyes.

And when I gaze on each much favoured spot
 Where once she used to be, but now is not,
 How can I check the quickly rising tear,
 Or cease to wish my dearly loved were here ?

She was indeed a light, "but lent, not given,"
 To guide my footsteps—point the way to heaven;
 But have I followed in the way she taught,
 Or yielded to her guidance as I ought?

Alas! the silent monitor within
 Will now convince of many a wayward sin;
 And make me fear, since she has gone away,
 I was not worthy of her longer stay.

Yet still a hope will sweetly beam, to cheer
 My lonely heart, and chase away the fear;
 It is a hope I thankfully retain—
 The loved, the sighed for, may return again.

Return again—the thought alone is sweet—
 Delightful rapture her return to greet;
 And yet, indeed, to me how sad our meeting,
 If in her heart there's no responsive greeting.

It is so difficult to calmly bear
 Alternately the sense of hope and fear;
 The previous hope at times will give me gladness,
 But fear predominates and causes sadness.

'Tis difficult to patiently await
 The time that must at last decide my fate;
 Too often I repeat her cherished name;
 And secretly, impatiently exclaim:

O how far distant is the longed-for day,
 Or will it ever come, when I may say,
 In love, in truth, and with enraptured tone,
 Laura, sweet Laura, thou art all my own.

But O I know such selfishness is wrong,
 And in my heart it may not linger long;
 Unselfish, spiritual, my love must be,
 And then 'twill blossom through eternity.

And if on earth she never may be mine.
 I'll try to meekly bow, and not repine
 From her loved lips I learned this brief quotation:
 "Life is a state or period of probation,"
 And may I feel its truth with resignation.

And ever, as the years roll slowly on,
 Prefer her happiness before my own ;
 Contented if I know that she is blest ;
 Seek first the things of heaven, and leave the rest.

* * * * *

I love to look upon the starlight skies
 And fondly think perhaps those gentle eyes
 Are also gazing on the same fair lights ;
 And feel assured her soul with mine unites
 In praise to Him who framed those glorious heights.

And O what sacred comfort 'tis to know,
 However far my dearly loved may go,
 The same kind Father, from His throne on high,
 Beholds us both with ever watchful eye.

The same kind Father, who is present here,
 With Omnipresent Power is also near
 My precious one ; and ever o'er her head
 The banner of our Saviour's love is spread.

Then shall I fear to trust her to the care
 Of such a gracious Friend, Who heareth prayer ?
 To whom I do not cease to humbly pray
 "Pour choicest blessings on her day by day,
 And guide and prosper her in all her way."

"Don't Cry Baby."

Pretty baby, do not cry ;
 If you're sleepy shut your eye :
 If you're hungry I will make
 Something nice for you to take.
 If you're thirsty I will bring
 Some cool clear water from the spring ;
 O no, I think that would not do
 For such a little thing as you.
 What shall I fetch for baby dear ?
 Mamma so kind, she is not near—
 I'll fetch some milk so warm and new ;
 And put some sugar in it, too.

Or if you're tired of sitting still
 I'll take you to the window sill ;
 And show you people passing by,
 And then I'm sure you must not cry.
 Or shall I dance you on my knee,
 And give you kisses, one, two, three ?
 Or show you sister's pretty toy,
 And see if that will please my boy ?
 Because, my darling, don't you know
 'Tis naughty to be crying so ?
 I'm sure you would not, if you knew
 How very dearly I love you.
 So dearest baby do not cry ;
 But let me wipe your bright blue eye ;
 And let me see your sweetest smile,
 If 'twere but just a little while

Lines.

How fast the years are onward rolling ;—
 How long 'tis now since last we met ;—
 Yet time and absence have not power
 To make us dearest friends forget.
 Sweet dreams may fade, but in their places
 Will live sweet memories of the past ;
 To cheer us when the days are weary,
 And lend their brightness to the last.

The Lock of Hair.

On this much-favoured morn of the spring fresh and
 gay,
 Joyous greetings I joyfully send ;
 With best wishes for " Happy returns of the day,"
 To my dear, to my very dear friend.
 Please accept the enclosed, in remembrance of me,
 A small tribute of high estimation ;
 And I trust that tho' humble the offering may be,
 It will merit your kind approbation.

Of I think of the time when in gladness we met
 And the walk in the starlight so fair—
 But the words which were spoken I fain would forget
 On the lock of the silken brown hair.

When he wished to enshrine it in cover of gold,
 And to prize more than language can tell ;
 'Twas the grief of his heart to be ruthlessly told
 "Some one's else would suffice just as well."

Ah, indeed, could he fancy some other would do,
 Why it might have been filled long before ;
 And he ne'er would have troubled to ask it of you,
 Or to wish it so often of yore.

But the thought I forgive, while the hope shall remain
 That those words were but hastily spoken ;
 Lest the links that are precious in friendship's gold
 chain
 Should be coldly or heedlessly broken.

If I go far away, and the time may be near,
 Yet so much I would rather not go,
 Would you think of me sometimes, or wish I were here,
 Altho' often I vex you I trow.

Still, once more let me welcome the day of your birth,
 Fondly wishing all good may be given ;
 And the joys and the ties that are dearest on earth,
 Be renewed and perfected in heaven.

Lines.

Fare thee well, my heart is weary—
 The sunshine fades, the clouds remain—
 And all around seems dark and dreary,
 Until I see thee once again.

Yet I would never mar thy gladness,
 A fond farewell, and happy be ;
 Forgive thy little friend her sadness,
 As all the world is fair to thee.

Then he left her—sadly left her—
 Never more to meet again,
 Until her spirit had departed
 Beyond this world of grief and pain.
 Then once more he stood beside her—
 Darkened is the chamber now—
 He kneels in reverence, ere he presses
 One long, last kiss upon her brow.
 One is standing very near him—
 One his mother loved so well—
 He clasps his hand, and says, “ Dear father,
 ’Tis God who doeth all things well.”
 “ God will comfort give, dear father,
 Loving ones may meet again
 In heaven, to never more be parted ;
 But still in joy and peace remain.”

* * * * *

And tho’ we weep, and feel we sadly miss her,
 Perhaps her gentle spirit’s sometimes near ;
 For is she not an angel now, so glorious ?
 And they are sent our earthly path to cheer.
 The let us turn our tearful gaze to heaven,
 Relying on our Saviour’s promise sweet :
 With eyes of faith behold the much-loved mother
 Renewed in youth and beauty at His feet.

The Saviour feeds the Little Ones.

“ And does the dear Lord Jesus notice this ?
 A little suffering in a child so small ?
 Does He indeed bend down to look on me,
 Who is so high in heaven, the King of all ? ”
 “ And does He know how weary now I feel,
 How tired and languid all throughout the day,
 And does he really love and pity me.
 The same as you do, dearest mother, say ? ”

* * * * *

My darling's cheek was pale, her eyelids red,
 And underneath dark lines, the effects of pain
 And sleeplessness, the soft blue eyes grown sad,
 Where once sweet mirth and brightness used to reign.

She was not ill, or sick, my precious child ;
 And all her usual tasks she still would do
 With gentle patience ; and would go to school,
 And take the tedious music lesson too.

Yet slowly walked the feet, that once would run
 In joyous playfulness, so light and free ;
 And as I watched her, sad I grew to think
 How soon our little ones thus changed may be.

'Twas tooth-ache took the brightness from the eye,
 And stole the roses from the sweet fair face,
 And took the sunny smile from lip and brow,
 And caused the wakeful nights, and languid face.

I took my darling in my loving arms,
 And pressed her fondly to my yearning breast,
 And kissed the drooping eyes, and wished that there
 She might be free from pain, and sweetly rest.

Ah, how I loved her ! fondly, tenderly,
 And if I could would shield from every ill,
 And make her path through life all love and joy,
 But such is not our Heavenly Father's will.

He knoweth best—and to His tender care
 I trust my child, till life on earth is o'er ;
 "He doeth all things well," and so will guide
 Her safely to the bright eternal shore.

* * * * *

Yes, little one, our gracious Saviour heeds,
 He sends this little trial to you, dear,
 That you may meekly bear it for His sake,
 Who bore so much for you when He was here.

"He doth not willingly afflict" His lambs,
 He knows 'tis for their good to sometimes feel
 Some grief or pain, that they may look to Him,
 And in His own good pleasure He will heal.

And O He loves you, with a wondrous love
 "Which passeth knowledge." In His Word we read
 That "whom He *loveth*, those He chasteneth,"
 Their feet in paths of heavenly peace to lead.

Think not, my child, He counts your griefs too small
 To need His pity, or His tender care,
 He's far more tender than you mother is,
 Altho' her most devoted love you share.

Some little ones have no fond mother near
 To teach them bear their pains, and murmur not;
 No sheltering arms—no warm caress to soothe—
 Poor little weary ones, how sad their lot.

Yet Jesus loves them more, and pities more,
 When meekly thus they bear their griefs alone—
 His gentle arms are near to lift them up,
 And in His bosom bear them to His throne.

There all the little ones who love Him now,
 And take with patience every cross He sends,
 Shall wear the crown of gold upon their brow,
 And live in love and joy that never ends.

Lines for a Birthday.

Robed in mantle of snow is the once verdant earth,
 Over hill tops and valleys it glistens to-day;
 Yet the sun glancing smiles on the time of your birth,
 Even now, while I write thee, it melteth away.
 Gayly decked in bright hues of the spring time again
 Shall the hills and the valleys in gladness remain.

Just the same may all sorrow be chased from thy
 pathway,
 Quickly followed by joys that are lasting and bright.
 Light within, the sweet smile of thy Saviour to cheer
 thee,
 Dear and loving ones round thee to gladden thy
 sight;
 Every day bringing blessings more rich than before,
 Yet a while upon earth, then in heaven evermore.

Myra to her Inconstant Lover.

Ah, five long years of joys, and tears,
 And hopes, and fears, have passed away,
 Since first I knew the love that grew
 More strong and true each passing day.
 How many more may still pass o'er,
 Like those of yore, the while I wait
 For that sweet hour, whose magic power
 Shall blessings shower, and crown my fate.
 I may not tell the secret spell
 I prize so well, which first beguiled,
 And taught my heart how sweet the smart
 Of Cupid's dart, if he but smiled.
 How many times, while Sabbath chimes
 With silvery rhymes, fell soft and clear,
 My watch would be, my love, for thee,
 That I might see thy form so dear.
 And when he came, as if for shame
 The blushing flame would dye my cheek—
 Ah, wherefore rise those burning dyes
 From lip to eyes, my love to speak?
 And then with pride myself I chide,
 And strive to hide the rapturous glow—
 Joy born to last till he has passed—
 Then fade so fast, too well I know.
 But naught avails, my effort fails,
 Great love prevails, and reigns supreme—
 Ah ! soon he's gone—and I'm alone—
 The vision's flown, like some sweet dream.
 O would it might, so fair and bright,
 To give me light, for ever stay ;
 Then jealous sighs and sad surmise,
 With tearful eyes would flee away.

* * * * *

But now 'tis o'er, and never more,
 Like those of yore my watch may be ;
 This home I leave, my heart must grieve,
 Yet still will weave fond thoughts of thee.
 And thou, so dear, wilt still pass near,
 When I'm not here to greet thy bow ;
 This peaceful scene, the trees so green,
 Sweet shade and sheen, be fair as now.
 Wilt thou e'er sigh when passing by,
 To think that I am far away ;
 No longer near, with love so dear,
 To vex or cheer, from day to day.
 Yet tho' afar our pathways are,
 Fair evening's star will sweetly shine,
 Dear one, on thee, the same as me,
 Thy light to be as well as mine.
 And when its beam doth gently stream,
 Then thou mayst deem I think of thee ;
 And wilt thou spare, from joy or care,
 One little share of thought for me ?
 At silent night, the moon so bright,
 From glorious height shall gently shed
 Rays pure and deep, to vigil keep,
 Where rests in sleep thy precious head.
 Ah, then for thee my prayers shall be,
 That thou mayst see all joy and love,
 Love fond and dear, thy path to cheer,
 And bring thee near thy rest above.

Christmas.

Hark ! the joyous bells are ringing,
 " Christ is born," they seem to say ;
 While our hearts unite in singing,
 Welcome, happy Christmas Day.

Christmas—Lo, the Lord of Glory
 Leaves His Father's home above,
 To fulfil the wondrous story
 Of His great and matchless love.

May we all, to thank and praise Him,
 To His holy house repair ;
 Show our gratitude by leaving
 Each his Christmas offering there.

Now our halls are decked with holly—
 Shining leaves and berries red,
 Mixed with mistletoe and laurel,
 Now the Christmas feast is spread.

'Tis the time of sweet reunion,
 Absent ones again we greet ;
 Smiles and kisses, gifts, good wishes,
 Tell what pleasure 'tis to meet.

But, while thus our homes are brightened,
 With the joys we count most dear,
 We may not forget the sorrows
 Of the poor, whose homes are drear.

There are noble hearts among us,
 That with tender pity bleed,
 For the ills they strive to lighten,
 Hungry ones they fain would feed.

They will leave the social circle,
 When 'tis sweetest to be there ;
 Deeming it a sacred honour,
 In that work of love to share.

Surely they shall hear with rapture,
 When their gracious Lord they see,
 " As ye did to these, My brethren,
 Ye have done it unto Me."

In some towns the dear old custom
 Heralds Christmas and New Year ;
 Strains of solemn, midnight music,
 Falling sweetly on the ear.

Children, in their first sound slumber,
 Sent to rest at evening chime,
 Wake, and list with joy and wonder,
 To the "waits" of Christmas time,
 Sick ones, on the bed of suffering,
 Where so little comes to cheer,
 Must be soothed awhile from anguish,
 When those thrilling sounds they hear.
 Saviour, Lord, my soul adores Thee,
 Thou didst come a little child,
 Thou didst live a life of sorrows,
 Thou wast beaten, scorned, reviled.
 Saviour, Lord, our hearts adore Thee,
 Fill us with Thy heavenly grace;
 That when Thou shalt come in glory,
 We with joy may see Thy face.

The Sailor's Wife to her Baby Boy.

My little one ! my precious one !
 I love to gaze on thee ;
 Thou dost remind me so of him
 Now far away at sea.
 My handsome Robert, brave and kind—
 Thy father, little one—
 And I will strive to bring thee up,
 To be a worthy son.
 A sacred trust to me is given,
 To train thy infant mind ;
 And what a pleasing task it is,
 Nor shall it be resigned.
 No, not with self-indulgent ease
 Transferred unto another :
 Who might indeed less gentle be ;
 Less watchful than thy mother.

How sweet to teach the infant voice
 To speak the much-loved name
 Of "Father," may it be the first
 Thy tiny lips shall frame.

And then my little one must kneel,
 And lift his hands to pray,
 That God will bless and keep from harm
 Dear Father, far away.

That God will kindly bring him back,
 Once more to kiss his boy ;
 And with his fond and constant love
 To fill my heart with joy.

And Jesus will not scorn the prayer,
 Tho' small the suppliant be ;
 Because when here on earth He said
 Let " Children come to Me."

Some years ago a little babe
 Laid on its mother's knee ;
 And smiled, and gave her joy, as now
 My baby gives to me.

And then he grew a merry boy,
 Yet good and gentle too ;
 So years passed on ; and then in time
 A handsome youth he grew.

He was his mother's pride and joy,
 Her dear and favourite son ;
 So tall and strong, so brave and kind,
 Thy father, little one.

I see thy father's sweet dark eyes
 Whene'er I gaze on thee ;
 And his fond look, and winning smile,
 Methinks I also see.

I see the same fair open brow,
 The same brown silken hair,
 The profile, too, the same as his,
 So perfect and so rare.

Grow like him, darling little one,
 In all things else as well ;
 And then thy mother will be glad ;
 More glad than words can tell.
 And when the longed-for day arrives
 That brings him home again,
 I shall indeed be well repaid
 For all the parting pain.
 And he will be so proud and glad
 To find his boy so tall,
 And bright and rosy, and so good,
 And that is best of all.
 Then look at me, with his dear eyes,
 To make my heart more strong ;
 Lest I should weary grow, and weep
 That he is gone so long.

Birth-day Lines.

Bright be this happy day—
 Bright as the flowers of May—
 Yet e'er it pass away,
 Think once of me.
 Think of the friend of yore,
 Kindly as heretofore,
 Who, never meeting more,
 Still thinks of thee.

Easter Monday.

“ Dear Auntie, sing some hymns to-night,”
 A little soft-eyed maiden said.
 “ The guests are gone, it is not late,
 Do sing before we go to bed.”
 “ I like the hymns so very much,
 I think they are so sweet,” she said ;
 And Auntie smiled, the promise gave,
 And fondly stroked the glossy head.

The soft eyes beamed with brighter light
 When Auntie's kind consent was given ;
 Her willing fingers touched the keys,
 And sacred strains arose to heaven.

The two sweet voices joined to sing
 The hymns of joyous Easter-tide ;
 And then the sweet " Abide with me,"
 And many favourite hymns beside.

Nor weary grew, nor heeded how
 So swiftly passed the moments by—
 Like dreams of love, too sweet for earth—
 Thus happy hours do ever fly.

And on the silent outside air
 The midnight chimes fell soft and clear ;
 Yet still they sat, and played and sung,
 Tho' none to list were lingering near.

For all save these had gone to rest,
 The Auntie and the fair haired child ;
 And surely on this gentle pair
 The holy angels looked and smiled.

Why did I say that " none were near "—
 O what a small and foolish thought—
 Within the room unseen were those
 Whose presence heavenly blessings brought.

Celestial forms were standing round,
 In spotless robes of snowy white,
 With starlike, glistening, silvery wings ;
 An audience glorious, fair, and bright.

But One, surpassing all the rest,
 With condescending love was there,
 " The chief among ten thousand," Him
 Of glorious beauty past compare.

His own kind lips the promise gave,
 And truly He performs the same ;
 " There I am in the midst where two
 Or three are gathered in My Name."

Yes, e'en if only two unite
 To sing His praise, or breathe a prayer,
 According to His gracious Word,
 His faithful promise, He is there.
 The same when *one* alone doth kneel
 In lowly reverence at His feet,
 Or lifts the voice to sing a hymn,
 He also comes that one to meet.
 The Saviour loves to hear the sound
 Of children's voices when they sing,
 He listens with attentive hear,
 Although He is so great a King.
 Then let it be our greatest joy
 To sing His praise, to tell His love,
 To serve and please Him here on earth,
 Until we see His face above.

The Devoted Constance, to a Dear Friend.

Go, dearest one, thy way, and joyous be,
 But when thou'rt sad or weary come to me ;
 Return to me, and on this loving breast
 Thy head shall gently lie, and sweetly rest ;
 And I will kiss and soothe thy cares away,
 And whisper tenderest words of brighter day.
 I will not strive to keep thee ever here,
 Altho' to me it would be sweetest bliss,
 For well I know, however fond and dear,
 Ambition calls thee higher far than this.
 Ambition calls—and O what else beside ?
 Thou knowest, but my poor heart can only guess ;
 I blame thee not, but feel, whate'er betide,
 'Twill be impossible to love thee less.
 Why is it so ? Why art thou thus so dear,
 So doubly precious to thy little friend ?
 Whence springs the choicest plant that blossoms here,
 And in the eternal life shall have no end ?

O great, sweet love, thou art of heavenly birth,
 Thy growth indeed is of the Will divine,
 Thou'rt sent to brighten, purify the earth ;
 What great and glorious victories should be thine.

Instead of all the sorrow, sin, and strife,
 Which daily all around we see and hear,
 The selfish jealousies which vex our life,
 The pride and anger, faithlessness, and fear.

* * * * *

Then come to me in any time of grief,
 Or send and I will quickly come to thee ;
 Let me be privileged to bring relief,
 Thy patient loving comforter to be.

Should sickness seize thee, I would tend thy bed,
 My hands would bathe and soothe thy fevered brow.
 And smoothe the pillows for thy aching head.
 And woo thee back to health and strength, I trow.

Should " Fortune fair but fickle cease to smile,
 And leave thee poor to toil for daily store,
 How gladly I would share with thee, the while,
 My little all—and would that it were more.
 Should friends prove false, or those thou lov'st,
 unkind—

Which would, indeed, a bitter sorrow be—
 Then think of her, whom thou wilt ever find,
 In loving friendship ever true to thee.

What precious hopes once gilded all my dreams ;
 What joyous thoughts once made my life so glad ;
 Now they are faded, and how dreary seems
 This poor, cold life—how lonely and how sad.

It was no fault of thine, my precious darling,
 I would not vex with one reproachful word ;
 Thou art all honour, truth, and goodness, darling,
 And worthy choicest blessings e'er conferred.
 My heart went forth to meet thee, precious darling,
 And waited not thy voice to bid it love ;
 It well deserved the fate it won, my darling,
 To come back bleeding like a wounded dove.

Adieu, bright dreams and sweetest hopes, for now
 To earthly bliss no longer I aspire ;
 Yet I do love and bless thee, dear, for thou
 Has been a "stepping stone" to lead me higher.

A precious instrument, in God's own hand,
 To draw me nearer Him, and make me feel
 Tho' hearts are wounded in this weary land,
 He hath the power, the gracious power, to heal.

And God will bless thee, too ; and I have prayed,
 With ardent, supplicating prayer, to Him
 For thy best welfare, and have gently laid
 Thee at His feet, mine eyes with tears so dim.

Look up then, dearest one, look up and see
 Thy Father's loving face to Thee bent down ;
 For O ! He loves thee, and would give to thee
 The endless life—the conqueror's glorious crown.

In the Strength of the Lord.

In Thy great might alone I stand,
 My ever loving Lord,
 O bring me to the promised land,
 My undeserved reward.

How sweet to know, the while we live,
 Although so oft we sin,
 If we confess, Thou wilt forgive,
 And make us pure within.

For Thou did'st shed Thy precious blood,
 That we might wash therein ;
 And so be reconciled to God,
 And cleansed from every sin.

My foes are very great and strong,
 But Thou art stronger far ;
 And tho' the conflict may be long,
 Yet sweet Thy mercies are.

Dear, loving Lord, with me abide,
 And when I call on Thee,
 My foes, ashamed, will turn aside,
 And put to flight shall be.

I long to see Thy glorious face—
 For this I ever pray—
 O make me fit to see Thy face,
 And lead me in the way.

“ God Hears and Answers Prayer.”

In a pleasant country dwelling,
 Where the flowers perfume the air,
 Once there lived three little children,
 Loving, gentle, playful, fair.
 Happy were those little children,
 Through the long, bright summer hours,
 Playing in the nice large garden,
 Weeding, tending beds of flowers.
 Beds of pinks, and beds of pansies,
 Mignonette, and roses red ;
 Where the fragrant honeysuckle
 Climbed and blossomed overhead.
 Making nosegays of the fairest—
 When they had Mamma's consent—
 Trying whose should be the rarest,
 On their pleasing task intent.
 Darling children, bright and rosy,
 Kissed by sunshine, fanned by breeze ;
 Much they loved the dear old “ see-saw,”
 'Neath the shady filbert trees.
 There they played, and there they rested,
 Sometimes with a book to read ;
 Thus the golden hours of summer
 Passed most pleasantly indeed.

Treats they had of fruits so tempting,
 Fruits that in the garden grew,
 Strawberries large, and so delicious,
 Raspberries ripe, and currants too.

But in winter, days were dreary,
 Often wind, and snow, or rain,
 Muddy roads and dirty footpaths,
 Children must in doors remain.

Near the town, where shops attractive,
 Are to children's eyes so fair,
 Lived a lady and her daughter,
 Who would sometimes ask them there.

When the ground was dry and frosty,
 They across the fields might go ;
 O what pleasure to the children,
 None but children's hearts can know.

Once, a day had been decided,
 For the trip they loved so well ;
 O what glad anticipations,
 None but little tongues can tell.

O what ardent hopes and wishes
 That the weather might be fine ;
 'Twas to be a treat especial,
 After tea a " pantomime."

And at length the day long looked for
 Dawned so brightly and serene ;
 Like a morn of early summer,
 Not like January keen.

Sparkling eyes, and joyous voices,
 As they from the window gaze ;
 Grateful hearts and hands uplifted,
 Offering morning prayer and praise.

And their friend, the lady's daughter,
 Smiled the pleasant morn to see ;
 Knowing well how much delighted
 All the little ones would be.

But so soon, and oh so quickly,
 All seemed changed, the wind rose high ;
 Clouds rolled up in haste, and covered
 All the blue and sunny sky.

Then she knelt, and said, " Dear Father,
 May it please Thee, this I pray,
 Send the children joy and gladness,
 Let them come to us this day.

" Yet if it should be Thy pleasure
 To Thy lambs the cross to send,
 Give them grace to bear it meekly,
 Dearest Lord, the children's Friend.

" Make their little hearts submissive,—
 Thy blest will to theirs preferred ;—
 ' Ruling with Thy power for ever,
 Wind and storm fulfil Thy word. ' "

Then she rose, and O so quickly
 Wind and clouds both passed away—
 Soon the sun shone out so brightly,
 Like a lovely summer day.

Happy were those little children,
 As the morning hours passed by ;—
 Now they need not fear it raining,
 So serene and clear the sky.

Merry tones and smiling faces—
 Morning tasks all finished soon—
 Everything arranged in order,
 For the coming afternoon.

Dinner hour at last was ended ;
 They upstairs to dress were sent,—
 And, indeed, I need not tell you
 How most willingly they went.

What a rush of little footsteps—
 What a chorus of delight—
 Then their little eager fingers,
 Helping on as best they might.

Hark ! a sound sweeps through the meadows
 'Tis the rising wind again ;
 See, the sky once more is clouded ;
 And, alas ! the falling rain. . . .

Serious grow the little faces—
 Hushed their voices joyous sound—
 Sad eyes looking from the window
 On the freshly sprinkled ground.

Then their friend, who loved them dearly,
 Guessed the grief their hearts must feel
 For the chilling disappointment,
 Once again did humbly kneel. `

Breathing words of supplication
 To the Lord above the skies,
 And as this she meekly pleaded
 Tears were standing in her eyes.

Thus if human hearts are tender
 For the little ones they love ;
 How much more the gentle Saviour ?
 "Tender Shepherd, God of love."

He, from realms of light and glory,
 Looks on things of lower worth ;
 Condescending to "consider
 Everyone upon the earth."

Soon again the winds subsided ;
 Soon the raindrops ceased to pour ;
 Soon the threat'ning clouds had vanished
 Leaving sunny skies once more.

Hard the heart, and most unworthy
 Of His kind, attentive care,
 Did she not believe, with reverence,
 God had heard her earnest prayer.

And the day was crowned with gladness,
 By a loving Father's hand ;
 Soon arrived the little children,
 Such a merry, joyous band.

Had they been less good, and patient
 When they saw the falling rain ;
 He, perhaps, so wise and holy,
 Might have let the clouds remain.
 Thanks and praise to Thee, kind Father,
 Thee we worship and adore ;
 Loving Saviour, blessed Spirit,
 Thanks and praise for ever more.

Primroses.

I love to linger where the wild flowers grow,
 And take just here and there a scented blossom ;
 Altho' my darling hastens me to go.
 An eve in May—the air is soft and mild—
 But we are far from home ; and dark clouds gather,
 And so she hastens me—my timid child.
 She always feared the summer thunderstorm—
 It made her tremble, made her cheeks grow paler—
 It might come now, it was so still and warm.
 Her hand was filled with flowers—the primrose late—
 Which she had gathered in the grassy hedge-row,
 While I sat resting on the rustic gate.
 Fear not, dear child, your heavenly Father's near ;
 Your Father, who from every harm can save you,
 Trust Him, and then you have no cause to fear.
 For O He is so good, so much more good
 Than we in our short-sighted wisdom think Him ;
 His kindness is not rightly understood.
 His hand will surely guide the lightning flash,
 And hold the thunder in its solemn pealing,
 And save you even from its loudest crash.
 Sometimes to those He loves, He'll quickly send
 A bright winged messenger, to call to glory ;
 To meet their kind, their everlasting Friend.

On then what rapture ? What supreme delight !
 To be thus suddenly, as in a moment,
 Removed from earth to heavenly mansions bright.

It warns us that we should for death prepare ;
 " The final summons cometh when we think not ;
 And at an hour when we are not aware."

We crossed the bridge, where rippling waters flow ;
 Then took the pathway through the flowery meadows ;
 Then o'er the bridge where run the trains below.

No storm arose to mar the evening's peace ;
 No rain drops fell, to spoil the pleasant ramble ;
 But calm and fair the daylight's slow decrease.

We reached our home in safety ; met the smile
 Of that dear one, who had, for us, been watching ;
 Waiting with gentle, patient love the while.

The flowers we'd gathered in the grassy lane
 Were placed in glass epergne, the room to brighten ;
 The last sweet primrose, till the spring again.

It was only a Dream.

It was only a dream of the night, yet it gave me
 A kiss from the dear lips long parted and cold ;
 It was only a dream of the night, yet it gave me
 A view of those features so fair to behold.

It was only a dream of the night, yet what rapture
 Thrilled through me—and waking it still would
 remain.

But it fades, sadly fades—ah, the rapture is fleeting—
 I wish I could slumber, and dream it again.

O return, truant one, to the heart that is waiting
 To greet thee as warmly and fond as of yore ;
 Then the dreams of the night could not rival the rapture
 Of finding thee loving and true evermore.

“The Labourers’ Union Treat.”

A fair young girl stood pensively
Beside the window pane ;
Looking with wistful eyes, and sad,
Upon the falling rain.

“ Why does it rain to-day, mamma ?
Why should it rain to-day,
As if there were no other time
In which to pour away ?

“ If God is good and kind, and loves
To see His people glad,
Why does He let it rain to-day,
To make so many sad ?

“ Twelve thousand are to walk, you know,
With banners bright and gay,
All through the streets, and round the town ;
And bands of music play.

“ Then in the recreation field
They all intend to meet—
Poor men and women, boys and girls—
To have their annual treat.

“ How wretched they will be, Mamma,
All in the wet to play ;
I really cannot think, Mamma,
Why it must rain to day.”

“ My darling child, doubt not His love,
Whom ‘ winds and storms obey.’
His love and care are greater far
Than any words can say.”

The rain is falling thick and fast,
The sky looks dark and drear ;
And not one little piece of blue
The watching eyes to cheer.

And though, indeed, no rain can fall
 Without our Father's will ;
 Yet we have enemies unseen,
 Who strive to work us ill.

It is not God who "tempteth man,"
 "Nor willingly doth grieve,"
 'Tis Satan tries to make us sin ;
 To doubt, and disbelieve.

Yes, Satan strives with deadly hate
 To make the earth all bad ;
 To mar whate'er is bright and good,
 And make the people sad.

And God allows him to have power,
 Just for a little space ;
 That we may conquer, if we try,
 Through His all sovereign grace.

In God's most Holy Book we read
 How Job was sorely tried,
 By loss of fortune, and of sons,
 And sad disease beside.

How Satan wished to make him sin—
 To murmur and rebel,
 To curse God's Holy Name for all
 The evils which befel.

But Job was good and patient still,
 And loved and blessed the Lord ;
 And God soon took away his ills,
 And sent a great reward.

He sent him sons and daughters, too,
 And health and wealth once more ;
 And gave him very much, that he
 Was richer than before.

And thus the victory was gained,—
 Defeating Satan's wiles ;
 Because Job trusted in the Lord,
 And meekly bore his trials.

“ And thus, dear child, God ever will
Protect and help the right ;
For meekness, gentleness, and faith,
Are precious in His sight.

“ We know not who will stand for God
In this their trial day ;
But God can see, He marks each one,
Of all that vast array.

“ Then what a triumph it will be—
O ! what a victory won—
If all the whole twelve thousand say
Father, ‘ Thy will be done.’ ”

Haymaking.

“ Come, William and Thomas, awake and arise,
I think it will now be a beautiful day,
So let us improve the bright time as it flies,
And work with a vigour to carry the hay.

“ We’ve had such a season of dampness and rain,
It seems quite a treat just to see the bright sun ;
Come, bring out the horses, and harness them in,
Make haste, my good men, for ’tis time we begun !

“ Call Percy and Philip, and where are the boys ?
How idle they are, they ought all to be here ;
Go, tell them to work with a hearty good will,
And they’ll be rewarded by having good cheer.

“ I know it is Sunday, but I can’t afford
To wait and to lose all this beautiful weather ;
To-morrow, perhaps, ’twill be raining again,
So work, my brave fellows, now work altogether.

“ There is plenty of ale in the cellar, you know,
And you shall be treated to double your share ;
And then, in the evening, all come to my kitchen,
You’ll find a rare supper awaiting you there.

"Our neighbours are stupid, indeed, I declare,
To lose this good chance of preserving their hay ;
And soon we shall see them all walking to church ;
I think I'm a little bit wiser than they ! "

His fond wife had pleaded, but pleaded in vain :

"Dear husband, don't do it, indeed 'tis a sin !

Let it lie, just to-day, in the beautiful sun,

'Twill do you no good if you gather it in.

"No work should be done on the Sabbath, we know—

The Lord will not bless if His laws we defy—

So leave, it, dear Richard, pray leave it alone,

To-morrow it still may be sunny and dry."

"'Tis all very well for you women to talk,"

The farmer replied, with a frown on his brow,

"But I'm in a hurry, and I must be off,

'Tis nonsense, all nonsense, don't bother me now ! "

His gentle wife sighed, and so sad was her heart,

She thought of the sweet, happy time long ago,

When so tender and loving he ever would be,

And promised to church with her always to go.

And her eyes filled with tears as she looked on the
scene—

Men and boys busy raking and tossing the hay—

She thought how so lovely and fair 'twould have been,

Had it rested in peace on that sweet Sabbath day.

And surely the Lord of the Sabbath looks down

With sorrow and anger, to see it profaned ;

His counsel and warning unheeded, despised,

"If we sin 'tis no profit, whate'er may be gained."

O Lord, in Thy mercy and pity forgive

The sins of the nation Thine hand hath so blest,

Destroy not in wrath, like the cities of old,

That Thy Sabbaths be kept, and the land have its
rest.

But one stood apart from the bustling throng,
 He loved God's commandments, and walked in their
 light,

He knew that to work on the Sabbath was wrong,
 And had the good courage to stand for the right.

He had the good courage to stand all alone
 In the strength of the "Master" by Whom he was
 bought,
 Whom he trusted and served, and of Whom he had
 learned,

Through the beautiful lessons the Vicar had taught.

Yet sadly he turned and went back to his home,
 He liked the sweet work, tho' refusing to share ;
 And when he had hastened so quickly that morn,
 He knew not for why they had summoned him
 there.

He was grieved for the others, and ventured to speak,
 To dissuade them from breaking the Lord's Holy
 Day ;

But they did not heed, and said "Why should a man
 So much younger, pretend to know better than
 they."

"It could be no sin to preserve the good hay,
 Which was sent to be stored for the long winter's
 need ;

And if they should leave it alone, to be spoiled,
 How then could they manage the cattle to feed ?"

So they said, and refused to believe in the Lord,
 To trust in His mercies, whate'er might betide ;
 They trusted alone in the work of their hands,
 And despised the sweet promise, "The Lord will
 provide."

And so on they toiled through the long Holy Day,
 And all was brought in e'er the setting of sun ;
 The farmer rejoiced as he treated his men,
 And said "What a very good work they had done."

But at night, when he went to his chamber to rest.

A voice seemed to whisper, "No peace shall be here";

And he tossed on his pillow with fever and pain,

And into his heart stole a very great fear.

He remembered a text he had learned when a boy,

From his parents, long sleeping beneath the green sod,

It came to his mind with a great thrilling power,

"The wisdom of man is but folly with God."

And what if to him should be spoken to-night,

To him, who to holiness had not aspired;

Those words of such solemn and dreadful import,

"To-night, foolish man, shall thy soul be required."

Oh, how could he meet the great Judge on His throne,

Whose laws he had broken, and treated with scorn,

What then would avail all his boasted good sense?

He trembled and wished he had never been born.

His wife bathed his brow with her kind soothing hands,

And said "Dearest husband, it is not too late,

You are spared to us still, rise at once, kneel and pray,

The Lord, to have mercy, in kindness doth wait."

He knelt, and he prayed as he ne'er had before,

With sorrow for sin, through the darkness of night;

He prayed till the first rosy blush of the morn,

Then into his soul beamed a beautiful light.

The light of the Saviour, who died in our stead,

Who shed his own Blood that poor sinners might live;

That if we believe and repent of our sins,

Tho' they're great, "He is faithful and just to forgive."

What comforting words to the sin-stricken soul,

For them he will now all his riches forego,

To be cleansed from his sins in the Lord's precious

Blood,

To be pardoned, and washed, and made "whiter than snow."

When he rose, he was like to a man newly-born,
 New hopes, new desires, all new feelings within ;
 No more would he dare to despise the good Word,
 And O never more would he wilfully sin.

The rest of his life should be spent for his Lord,
 Whose mercy so kindly had spared and forgiven ;
 And now he would try with the best of his power
 To win other souls to the Saviour and heaven.

He called all his workmen and told them his mind,
 How sorry he was he had caused them to sin,
 And asked their forgiveness, and hoped they would try
 To lead a new life, and from this time begin.

And he who so bravely had stood for the right—
 Esteeming the favour of God as the best,
 Nor fearing the scorn and derision of men—
 Is now praised and honoured before all the rest.

His wife was rejoiced at the wonderful change,
 And thanked the good Lord for His mercy and love
 In saving her husband from sorrow and death,
 To fit him to share in the glories above.

And as the time passed, and each Sabbath came round,
 He went with his household to worship and pray ;
 Again by the side of his wife he would kneel,
 And none were more grateful or happy than they.

He trusted and loved the good Lord of his life ;
 And honoured the Word he had slighted before ;
 And He who is faithful supplied all his need,
 And sent a rich blessing on household and store

And through the long winter the cattle were fed,
 But not with the hay they had stored in such haste,
 That was gathered in sin, and it profited not,
 For soon it turned mouldy, and so 'twas but waste.

Morning Praise.

When the morning breaketh

Then my soul awaketh,

Singing praise to Thee :

Thou hast kept me sleeping,

Thou art ever keeping

Loving watch o'er me.

Be Thou still beside me,

Then, whate'er betide me,

I will fear no ill ;

Let Thine arm defend me,

And in mercy send me

Grace to do Thy will.

Grace, to ever seek Thee,

Grace, to follow meekly

In the narrow way ;

Till the shadow lightens,

Till the dawning brightens

To the perfect day.

Thou'rt my King for ever,

Nought my soul can sever

From Thy matchless love ;

Love beyond our knowing,

Love for ever flowing,

Drawing us above.

Thou wast once so lowly,

Yet so pure and holy,

Dwelling here on earth ;

Sharing all our weakness,

Bearing woes with meekness,

From Thy humble birth.

Thou wast once so weary,

In the desert, dreary,

Keeping long, lone fast ;

While the Tempter sought Thee,

And in malice fought Thee,

Striving to the last.

Thou didst fight victoriously—
 Thou didst conquer gloriously—
 Him, the Subtle One ;
 Thy great love the victory wrought,
 Thine own arm salvation brought,
 God's Eternal Son.

Thou wast aye so tender,
 Thou would'st ever render
 Good to all in need ;
 Tho' they oft oppressed Thee,
 And their sins distressed Thee,
 Made Thy kind heart bleed.

Pattern of our own life,
 Help us through the long strife
 Still to follow Thee ;
 Do as Thou hast taught us,
 Who in love has bought us—
 Bought, to set us free.

We so often grieve Thee,
 By our sins, and leave Thee
 For the world's vain show ;
 O ! forgive, dear Saviour,
 This, our vile behaviour,
 Save our souls from woe !

Lord, so high and holy,
 Once despised and lowly,
 Dwelling here on earth ;
 Sharing all our weakness,
 Bearing ills with meekness,
 From Thy humble birth.

Now enthroned in splendour,
 Angels homage render
 Unto Thee, their King ;
 Nations bow before Thee,
 All Thy saints adore Thee,
 And Thy praises sing.

The only Son.

In a chamber all darkened a mother is weeping,
Beside her so calmly her loved one is sleeping,
Her loved one, her darling, her hope, and her pride,
O, why was he taken ? O, why had he died ?

Long ago she had nursed him—so young and so fair,
With his eyes of deep blue, and his soft curling hair,
With his sweet baby ways, and his laughter so bright,
He then was her treasure and dearest delight.

And now he'd grown older, so graceful and tall,
So good, and so clever, so courteous to all,
He was still to his mother her heart's greatest joy ;
O, why was he taken—her beautiful boy.

Every morn she had watched him go out at the gate,
And then for his coming would lovingly wait ;
And he used to hasten from school to his home,
For he knew how she loved him and wished him to come.

No more he'll depart with his satchel of books,
With his loving " Good-bye " and his sweet smiling looks ;

No more will his coming occasion her joy,
No more need she watch for her beautiful boy.

To his sisters he always was gentle and good,
Never vexed them, or teased them, as some brothers would ;

And when little Daisy was running and fell
He would soothe her, and kiss her, to make her " all well."

And once, when 'twas snowing, and lying quite deep,
He went to the meadows to fetch a poor sheep,
Which had been left behind when the others were brought,
And would have been snow-bound if he had not sought.

Ah ! the beautiful, only, and much-loved boy,
 He was ever his mother's great pleasure and joy,
 All his words, ways, and looks on her heart will
 remain,

A sweet memory to soothe—a sweet sadness to pain.

Gentle mourner, poor mourner, how hard 'tis to bow,
 In meekness and faith to the chastisement now ;
 How hard 'tis to bear it, and not to repine,
 To say, " Father, dear Father, Thy will, and not mine."
 But he is so happy—far happier now,

In the raiment of white, and the crown on his brow ;
 Lift thine eyes then, poor mourner, look upward and
 see,

Thy loved one is waiting in heaven for thee.

Had he lived, he, perhaps, in his beauty and worth,
 Might have been to you something to keep you to earth,
 But now he's your treasure to draw you above,
 Where the sweet Saviour reigns in His glory and love.

Primroses Again—1888.

In May, when we gathered the pale-tinted primrose,
 Half sadly we thought we should see them no more
 Till the summer and autumn had smiled on and
 left us,

And most of the cold days of winter passed o'er.

But what a surprise ! In the month of December,
 We walked in the garden, so fresh after rain ;
 And there in the border, with heartsease and violets,
 We saw the sweet primroses blooming again.

The summer and autumn have passed—but the winter,
 Ah, surely, 'twill come with its frost and its snow ;
 To nip the fair flowers in their premature blossom,
 A chastisement sad, for their venturing so,

The summer was wet, and so cold and unpleasant,
 The autumn was lovely, so dry and so mild—
 And so like dear children awakening from slumber
 They opened their bright eyes, looked upward and
 smiled.

We gathered a few, and my darling one wore them,
 Reminding us all of Lord Beaconsfield's day ;
 And when they were drooping we carefully pressed them,
 And now in the Family Bible they lay. . .

Shall we see thee again, pretty flowers, in the spring-
 time,

Or wilt thou be spoilt by the winter's stern reign ?
 Perhaps the soft snow as a cloak will enfold thee,
 And keep thee all safe till the sun shines again.

* * * * *

Pet Mabel was pretty, but Mabel was wilful ;
 One morning in winter she woke up too soon—
 She thought 'twas the dawning that lightened her
 chamber,
 And would not believe it was only the moon.

She called to her Nurse to come quickly and dress her
 But Nurse was so cosey and warm in her bed,
 She knew it was early, and wished to lie longer,
 So " Sleep again, little Miss Mabel," she said.

" O Nurse, I can't sleep, and I want to be playing
 With those pretty toys that were brought me last
 night ;

For this is my birthday, I must get up early,
 Why Nursie, you've surely forgotten it quite.

" I think I can put on my own shoes and stockings,
 Because I am older and bigger to-day ;—
 I'll try to be good, and to help you, dear Nursie,"
 Said little Miss Mabel, so winsome and gay.

Nurse looked at the time-piece that stood on the mantel,
 She saw 'twas a quarter to six and no more ;
 The morning was cold, and so moonlight and frosty,
 And little Miss Mabel was out on the floor.

Nurse tried to persuade her, but Mabel was wilful,
 She would not go back to her warm little bed—
 She “wanted to play,” and was quite tired of sleeping,
 So Nurse had to make haste and dress her instead.

She sat down to play with her pretty new tea things,
 And dolls gaily dressed sitting round to have tea ;—
 Nurse lighted the gas, that it might be more cheerful,
 And Mabel felt happy as maiden could be.

But soon she grew tired, and her poor little fingers,
 Were chilled with the cold and so aching and red ;
 (The room was not warm with the fire newly lighted)
 She wished she had stayed in her snug little bed.

Nurse kissed her poor pet, who so sadly was drooping,
 And fetched a large cloak to envelope her form ;
 And there she sat covered, and patiently waiting,
 To play with her toys when the room had grown
 warm.

* * * * *

Ah ! pretty, bright flowerets, awaking so early,
 Sweet emblems of joys in the land of the blest,
 Where cold winds ne’er blow, to depress and make
 weary,
 But all is fair beauty and vigour and rest.

The Little Shoes.

Two little shoes are treasured still,
 With all a mother’s love ;
 Once worn by little baby feet
 Now gone to heaven above.

Two little shoes—a brother’s gift,
 When she was one year old ;
 She wore them *once*, and then was called
 To tread the streets of gold.

A little lamb, by Jesus bought,
 By Him most dearly loved ;
 Lest she should be by earth defiled,
 She was from earth removed.

Yes, she was beautiful and bright,
 Too sweet for earth's rough ways ;
 Too fair and frail for mortal life,
 With all its cold, dark days.

And so the holy angels came,
 Sent by the Lord of love,
 And took the little babe away,
 To sunny climes above.

Perhaps, while suffering here, she saw
 Their glistening robes of white,
 Which caused that rapturous, upward look,
 Of such supreme delight. . .

Her parents deem their child was lent,
 Just for a little while,
 To be a sunbeam on their path,
 To cheer them with her smile.

To lure them to a brighter home,
 Where she has gone before,
 Where they may see her yet again,
 To sever never more.

The Children's New Game of Numbers, or Flowers, Fruit, Vegetables, Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.

Dear Freddy and Flossie, and Edie and Belle,
 I've thought of a new game of which I will tell ;
 The evening is wet, and you've finished your tea,
 So come, little children, and listen to me.

But first call the others—Adolphus and Sue,
 Kate, Georgie, and little pet Beatrice, too ;
 And Grandmama, sitting quite still in her chair,
 Can join in the game, and our merriment share.

The numbers from one up to fourteen complete,
On pieces of cardboard, quite even and neat,
Are put in a nice little bag I have found,
So take them, and shake them, and hand them all round.

Whoever draws *one* has a forfeit to pay—
For that is the rule of this pastime away—
Two and three must be made to pay forfeit as well,
Unless of some floweret they either can tell

That is spelt with the number of letters the same
As the number they draw in this little new game ;
Three minutes we give them—'tis all that is needed,
They then " give it up " if they have not succeeded.

Number three " gives it up," has a forfeit to pay,
And three lines of poetry also to say ;
Unless someone else, who is playing the game,
A flower of three letters is able to name.

If so, then remember, the penalty's this,
Instead of a forfeit she pays him a kiss ;
But never forget that the poetry lines
Must be cited, and deemed most important of fines.

And the *number* of lines must in no case be less
Than the number you draw, which is fair you'll
confess,

The rest then go on in due order, and see
Their number and letters of flowers agree.

And when you have finished with Flora's sweet reign,
Collect all the numbers, and each draw again,
Proceeding in everything just the same way,
But instead of fair Flora, Pomona holds sway.

Then vegetables, birds, beasts, and fishes in turn,
Played also the same, which is easy to learn ;
If you think it too long you can leave out the fish,
And leave out the animals, too, if you wish.

Then forfeits to " cry off," such fun, O such fun,
Such wonderful things to be thought of and done ;
And when all is finished, 'tis time for bed quite,
So dear little children, sweet sleep and " Good night."

She Sleeps.

He saw his sweet Rose day by day
 Fade gently, silently away ;
 His cherished one—his youthful bride,
 Must soon be taken from his side.
 He wooed her in the summer time,
 In all her loving maiden prime ;
 And she went forth so joyfully
 A light within his home to be ;
 To cheer him with her sunny smile,
 But 'twas for such a little while,
 She faded in the early spring,
 This sweet white Rose—a fragile thing,
 And he, the partner of her youth,
 Must learn the sad, the bitter truth.
 He watched her with unceasing care ;
 And all her waking hours would share
 Through weary nights, with taper dim ;
 Yet they were precious hours to him,
 He prized each one, for it might be
 The last his darling was to see. . . .
 'Tis early morn—those two alone,
 Her hand pressed fondly in his own ;
 She weaker seems, yet calm and still
 But oh ! what fears his bosom fill—
 He tries to speak, but sobs will choke,
 At length with trembling voice he spoke
 “ My Helen, dear, it grieves my heart,
 I cannot bear that we should part,
 How can I live when you are gone ?
 My sweet white Rose—my only one.”
 She turned her soft dark eyes on him,
 She saw that his with tears were dim ;
 But hers were calm, and very bright,
 Reflecting such a heavenly light.
 “ You love me, dearest one,” she said,
 And fondly stroked his curly head,
 “ You love me with affection true,
 And O how dearly I love you.

Then think how better 'tis for me
 To go before, the King to see,
 Than if *you* went and left me here
 To pine in widowhood so drear,
 And surely this will solace be,
 You've always been so good to me.
 Think I am favoured by the Lord
 To have, so soon, the great reward ;
 My journey ended thus so soon—
 My day's work done, e'er yet 'tis noon—
 ' Good Friday,' dearest, did you say ?
 I'm glad it is this sacred day—
 'Tis very good indeed for me,
 I feel that I to-day shall see
 My Saviour, Who has died for me.
 I trust in Him, in Him alone,
 For all my sins He did atone ;
 My only pang, my only fear,
 Is leaving you, my Edwin dear.
 Oh tell me, dear, you will not weep
 When I am gently laid to sleep.
 'Twould comfort me so much to know
 That you would not give way to woe—
 That you would be so strong and brave
 When I am carried to the grave.
 I grieve to leave you here below ;
 I wish we might together go—
 Together leave this world of ill—
 But such is not our Father's will.
 You have a noble work to do—
 And God will bless, and comfort, too ;
 Poor souls are waiting, day by day,
 For you to teach the heavenly way ;
 For you to guide them on the road,
 That leads them to their gracious God.
 Yes, God will bless, and comfort give,
 To help you every day you live ;
 And lead you on from strength to strength,
 Until you see His face at length,

And meet again your 'White Rose' there,
 A fairer rose than ever here.
 Now kiss me, dear, and let me rest
 My head once more upon your breast,
 And let me see you smile once more,
 The sunny smile I loved of yore ;
 Yes, smile, dear one, you must not weep,
 For I am only going to sleep—
 I feel so tired !" and while they pray,
 She passes peacefully away ;
 With seraph smile her eyelids close,
 So calmly rests his sweet "White Rose."

The Parting Hour.

" ' Good night, good night,' a thousand times,
 A thousand times 'good night,'
 May all thy waking thoughts be glad,
 And all thy dreams be bright."
 He fondly smiled, and then he said,
 " Thy dreams, too, joyous be " ;
 My heart, tho' not my lips, replied,
 " Then must they be of thee."
 The moon is rising clear and still,
 To guide him on his way ;
 While I in solitude retire,
 To think of him and pray.
 To think of him, and those sweet words
 My heart can ne'er forget ;
 He is my " Romeo," indeed,
 And I, his " Juliet."
 " Good night," dear one, " a thousand times,
 A thousand times 'good night' ;
 May all thy waking thoughts be glad,
 And all thy dreams be bright."

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